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THE

UNITED STATES CATHOLIC MAGAZINE AND MONTHLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1847.

ITALIAN NATIONALITY.

DEL PRIMATO MORALE E CIVILE DEGLI ITALIANI; *per Vincenzo Gioberti: terza editione.* Brusselle, 1844.

THE MORAL AND CIVIL PRE-EMINENCE OF THE ITALIANS; by Vincent Gioberti: third edition. Brussells, 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

A preceding paper upon this subject, after having spoken at some length of the reforms recently introduced or commenced by Pius IX, in connexion with the past history, present condition, and future prospects of Italy, we passed on to the discussion of certain theories for bringing about the political regeneration of that country, which have been advanced and advocated with more or less plausibility by different classes of Italian politicians. We endeavored to show, that the opinion which is in favor of uniting Italy under one central monarchy is not tenable; because such a union besides being wholly impracticable and chimerical, would not be adapted to the character of the Italians nor to the political condition and wants of the country. China and Russia are united under vast central monarchies; and yet China and Russia occupy a very low place in the scale of civilization, and their people, instead of being exalted and advanced by this political arrangement, are thereby depressed and degraded.

We will now proceed to treat rapidly of a few other prominent theories broached for the same purpose,—of ameliorating the political condition of the Italians, and of causing Italy once more to stand up among the nations of the earth. Our narrow limits will prevent us from even alluding to a multiplicity of philosophic speculations on the subject set afloat by the inventive genius of the Italians; and we shall have to confine ourselves to the discussion of those theories which have been deemed the most plausible, because the most practicable. We may also remark, that, in order to render the subject more intelligible to the mass of our readers, we shall, as far as may be possible, adopt our own political nomenclature.

Those Italians who have turned their attention to politics may be said, in general, to be divided into two great parties: the conservatives and the reformers. The former adhere, with greater or less tena-

city, to existing institutions; the latter advocate the doctrine of progress. These two great parties are again subdivided into a variety of other minor ones, each warmly advocating its own particular system and measure of conservatism and reform, according to the views more or less moderate or violent, contracted or expanded, taken of the subject by its partisans. Thus, a portion of the conservatives go in for political institutions just as they are, and are opposed to all innovation and reform under any pretext whatever. These maintain, that the political condition of Italy is as good as it can be under existing circumstances, and that any change, especially in favor of a more liberal and popular system of government, would be for the worse. They are in favor of governing Italy with a high hand, and are opposed to yielding any thing to the popular element. According to them, every cry of the people for redress of grievances, for the removal of abuses, or for social ameliorations, proceeds from a revolutionary spirit, which should be resisted and put down by the strong arm of the executive. They profess to discover no possible medium between Italy as she is, and Italy in a state of revolutionary anarchy subversive of all social order and of all religious principles and institutions.

It is almost needless to say, that this ultra party is not one of pure Italian growth; it is manifestly more Austrian than Italian. It is an exotic planted by foreign hands on the Italian soil which is not congenial to its development and growth; it cannot flourish thereon unless its roots be frequently moistened with blood! It is an off-shoot of that old Ghibelline plant, which for centuries past has produced nothing but poisonous and pernicious fruits for Italy. The genial plants of Italian liberty and nationality cannot flourish beneath its shadow. This party of ultra-conservatives may, then, be fairly set down as the Austrian party in Italy;—a party which—we are sorry to believe it—is yet very strong, not indeed in the popular will, but through a mischievous foreign influence. It is sustained and kept alive by the wily arts of Austrian diplomacy, supported by Austrian bayonets. Take away this external support, and it would fall to pieces of itself.

Another section of the conservative party advocate principles of a more moderate character, and more congenial to a sound Italian policy. In their natural dread of the revolutionary spirit,—a dread based upon the incalculable mischief which this spirit has often been known to work in Europe,—they are not hurried away into the opposite extreme of absolutism. They occupy what appears to them middle ground, between the revolutionary party on the one hand, and the rigid or despotic conservatives under Austrian influence on the other. They would be disposed to redress all palpable grievances, and even to allow of some reforms in municipal regulations; but they would leave the substance of existing political institutions wholly untouched. In the ameliorations to be introduced they would advise much caution, in order not to grant too much to the doctrine of progress. They would have Italian polity to be reformed, if at all, very slowly and cautiously. In their exceeding wariness, they would profess to regard most political innovations as too sudden or too sweeping.

In a word, these men are timid and cautious politicians, who view with no little distrust the doctrines of reform and progress now so warmly advocated in certain parts of Italy; who adhere with considerable tenacity to existing institutions, and would have these to be changed as little as possible. Many of the advisers of the late excellent pontiff, and some of the advisers of the present one, seem to have belonged, or now to belong, to this school, which may be designated as that of the moderate conservatives.

The party of the reformers, or those who maintain the doctrine of progress, are again subdivided into various branches, according to the manner or measure of

the reforms contemplated; from that of the radicals, or ultra-reformers, who advocate an immediate and total change of existing institutions even, if need be, by revolution and violence, up to that of the moderate reformers, who, while they are substantially in favor of the doctrine of progress, yet deprecate all undue haste in carrying it out, and are, under all circumstances, totally opposed to violence and all revolutionary measures. The latter would have the state to reform itself peaceably and by legal means, and so far only as reform might be called for by the condition and wants of the people and the exigencies of the times, and as would be consistent with the substantial preservation of governments as now organised; the former would first subvert existing institutions, and think it then time enough to begin to reconstruct new ones on their ruins. The one is in favor of moral force as the great worker of all solid and permanent social ameliorations; the other, of physical force, as the only effectual means for redressing the grievances of Italy, and for bringing about a thorough reform in Italian political institutions.

At the head of the Italian party of moderate reformers stands the illustrious Pius IX, whose pontificate, though it has lasted but little more than a year, has already formed an epoch in the history of the nineteenth century. His enlightened and expansive mind grasped at once the whole complicated subject of Italian politics, in all its length and breadth and bearings; and it discovered almost intuitively the only rational and practicable solution of a problem, which had embarrassed the most profound thinkers and the most acute political reasoners for centuries. The principle which lies at the basis of all the reforms which he has already originated, is that of moral force, as opposed to all physical violence; of peaceable and legal redress, as superseding the necessity of any revolutionary movement. According to his enlightened policy, the government itself takes the initiative in the great work of reform, and it thus meets the people half way. It secures their allegiance by redressing their grievances, providing for their wants, and granting them at once as great a measure of reform and of liberty as they are prepared to receive, or as is consistent with the safety of existing institutions. Thus the revolutionary spirit is effectually checked; the fever is cured, not by strangling the patient, but by administering to him suitable remedies; and the state is reformed without the effusion of one drop of blood.

Such is the solution of the problem offered by Pius IX; and every one must perceive at once that it is as simple as it is effectual. It is a remarkable coincidence, that the two greatest men, and the two greatest reformers of the age, have hit upon the same principle for remedying great social and political evils. The late Daniel O'Connell maintained to the hour of his death, and the present Pius IX now maintains, the self-same principle of moral force, as the great lever of political regeneration. There is a difference, indeed, in the manner of applying the principle, growing out of a wide difference of circumstances; but the principle is in itself the same in both cases.

But what shall we say of the ultra reformers, of the radical party of Italy? We have already, in a previous paper, pronounced our deliberate opinion in regard to that section of the revolutionary party in Italy, who would fain bring about a general Italian monarchy by an armed insurrection, aided, if necessary, by foreign troops. We have stated our firm belief, that they are the very worst enemies of Italy,—the successors and heirs of the wicked Ghibelline faction;—men who would sell their country for German or French gold. And we entertain an opinion scarcely less favorable of that other section of the same party—the ultra-Guelphs—who would plunge Italy into revolution and anarchy, in pursuit of the chimera of a general Italian republic.

Much and dearly as we prize republican

institutions, we do not suffer our enthusiasm to betray us into the absurd belief that such institutions are adapted to the temperament and character of every people. The experiment of self-government is a very difficult one, which has failed at least as often as it has proved successful. To prove successful, it requires a particular combination of propitious circumstances, and a particular character in the people among whom it is attempted to be established. Governments, like garments, must suit those for whom they are intended. Men must be *prepared* for political freedom, before they can hope to be successful in fully carrying out the democratic principle. The institutions which lie at the basis of republican institutions must already be not only in existence but in a state of active and healthy development among the people, before a nation can be able to set itself up as a republic. Such was precisely the case with ourselves. We had all the elements of a republic,—trial by jury, *habeas corpus*, the representative principle, &c.—before we declared our independence. And we know of no case in history of a violent and sudden transition by a whole people from monarchical to democratic principles; of none at least which proved permanently successful.

The French tried such an experiment half a century ago; and every one knows how signally they failed, and what atrocious evils and horrors accompanied and followed the attempt. The French revolutionists were powerful for destruction; they made of their beautiful country one heap of unshapely and hideous ruins; they reduced it into a state of appalling anarchy; but they were wholly unable to bring back order out of the chaos they had caused. They succeeded, indeed, in infusing into their countrymen a certain spasmodic energy and life; but this energy was unnatural and short-lived; it was more like the convulsive agony of the dying than the healthy vigor of the living. It soon left the people weak and exhausted, and an easy prey to the first powerful tyrant who might succeed in riding the fearful storm of human passion, called into existence by the revolution. Napoleon, in fact, proved a much more exacting master than had Louis XVI, whose blood had fed the first fury of the French Jacobins.

The case would be the same in Italy, if it would not be even worse. The temperament of the Italians is equally ardent as that of the French; and their national enthusiasm once enlisted in the cause of revolution for the setting up of a republic, would prove at least as ungovernable. The evils attending such a movement would be very similar to those which followed the French revolution. Anarchy would take the place of social order; and the remedy would be infinitely worse than the disease.

Besides, such a revolution could not be successful; because it would be next to impossible to bring about any general concert of action, especially of revolutionary action, in the present state of Italy, and in the face of the precautions continually employed by the various Italian governments to prevent such a result. The movement would be necessarily partial and ill-concerted; and it would as necessarily be crushed at its very birth. Any attempt of the kind would thus infallibly have the effect of weakening the democratic principle, and strengthening the arm of the executive.

Moreover, from some acquaintance with the nature of the various Italian governments and the character of the different Italian populations, we do not believe that the mass of the latter would be at all in favor of any such movement. The vast majority of the Italians are attached to their actual governments, and love the persons of their princes. These are, with scarcely an exception, disposed to govern their subjects not only with justice and equity, but also with paternal affection. The chief severities for which they have been sometimes blamed have been those which they occasionally exhibited towards

persons suspected of holding revolutionary principles or found engaged in actual revolt. Banish Austrian influence and the mischievous revolutionary "patriots" from Italy, and we verily believe that a better body of princes and more contented and happy bodies of subjects could be found no where else in Europe. Such being the case, is it not madness to attempt to force upon a contented people a system of government not adapted to their character and wants, not congenial to their inclinations, not called for by their actual circumstances, and not therefore desirable, even if it were practicable?

But there were the Italian republics of the middle ages, and there is yet the little model republic of San Marino;—do not these examples prove that republicanism is congenial to the Italian soil? We think the argument not at all conclusive. The Italian republics of the middle ages sprang into being under peculiar circumstances which no longer exist; they were kept in existence for a time, while those circumstances still continued; and then they fell, a prey to internal dissensions growing out of the ardent Italian temperament, which is now the same as it was then. Other institutions have since obtained, and have been in successful operation for centuries; and it would certainly be bad logic to argue against the latter which have permanently succeeded, in favor of the former, which, though they succeeded for a time, finally failed, and from causes too which still exist.

As to the republic of San Marino, no valid argument can be based upon its successful existence for about fifteen centuries. It is very limited in its extent; it is situated on the mountains; and its mere handful of citizens are poor, have fewer wants than their neighbors in the cities and in the plains, and they are of a more steady and sober temperament. A form of government which suits them, might not suit the rest of the Italians; and an experiment which has proved successful in a very contracted mountain territory, might not, and probably would not succeed, if attempted on a wider scale, and under different circumstances.

But if Italy cannot be united, and cannot coälesce into one nation, either under a central monarchy or under a republic, is any other system of union practicable or even possible? Is she always to remain cut up into a number of petty states, with scarcely one bond of union among them, and as weak and powerless as they are disunited? Are the evils of the Italian body politic so very deeply seated and so inveterate as to be wholly incurable? We trust not, and we believe not. The divisions of Italians may be healed, and Italy may again become a nation, by wise and skilful treatment adapted to her actual condition and to the character of her people. Mere theories will not effect the cure of the evil; something practical must be done. It is by action, and not by mere talking and writing, that the political regeneration of Italy is to be accomplished. The enlightened Pius IX has hit upon the only plan for bringing about this result, which appears to us either practicable or effectual; the only system by which the complicated problem of Italian nationality can be solved.

Let all the Italian princes catch his spirit and imitate his example; let them meet their subjects half-way and make to them every concession within their power; let them cheerfully redress grievances, improve or remodel the legislation of their respective states, and grant to their people as great a share of liberty as they may be prepared to receive and profit by, or as circumstances may seem to warrant; let them all zealously coöperate together for the revival and full development of a national spirit and feeling among all the inhabitants of the peninsula; let Italians be taught to distrust all foreign influence, to abhor all foreign intervention in their affairs, to depend entirely on their own resources, and to look upon one another as a great brotherhood, united in a common national cause, and bound together by the

closest ties of national sympathy: and then, but not till then, will the political regeneration of Italy be on the eve of its accomplishment. In one word, let the policy of Pius IX be fully appreciated and extended to all Italy, and then will Italy be prepared to become a nation, by and through a LEGAL revolution brought about without the effusion of one drop of blood.

When Italy shall have been thus trained and prepared before hand, let the various Italian states adopt as their national motto the political axiom so dearly prized by the father of our own country: UNITED, WE STAND; DIVIDED, WE FALL. Let them make common cause and unite as one nation, either on the basis of a league of independent states mutually offensive and defensive, or on that of a confederation, more or less close according to the wants and the expressed will of its constituents. In settling the basis of national union, there might be left sufficient room for development and progress, according to the exigencies of circumstances. A simple league, of which there have been already several precedents in Italian history, might be the most practicable policy at first; this might then expand into a regular confederation, similar to that of the Swiss cantons, or of our own glorious union.

In accordance with the basis of the new national organization, should be the structure of the body which would be appointed to be its official organ,—to keep it alive, and to carry out its purposes. It might either be a diet, as in the German confederation; or a supreme council, as in Switzerland; or a parliament, as in France and England; or a congress, as in the United States. This central tribunal might have the direction of all things connected with the general interests of Italy; of the army, of the navy, of the coinage and currency, and of the laws regulating commerce. It might also take cognizance of all differences and controversies between neighboring states of the confederacy; and it might, in a word, be the official organ of the general government, strictly limited in its powers to such things as would be freely relinquished and given over to its charge by the voice of the various states.

Such a confederation should necessarily have a head; else it could not long hold together: it should have such a head too, who would exercise a commanding influence over its various members. Who does not see that no Italian prince could do this more effectually than the Roman pontiff? To whom could the Italian princes look with more confidence than to Pius IX? The dynasty of the Popes is the oldest, the most venerable, and the most influential in Italy; the popes have ever been the protectors and fathers of the Italians. No other Italian prince could bring about the union of the entire peninsula, or ensure to it any permanency, if even it could be once obtained.

More than once already have the popes succeeded in uniting large portions of Italy in a common cause; and they could do so again, if the Italian princes would only distrust all foreign influence and look to their own best interests. Rome, the eternal city, blending in its history the great memories of the past with the milder glories of the present; twice the seat of universal empire,—once under the Cæsars and once again under the popes,—Rome, occupying a central position in the peninsula, is the only natural and the only possible metropolis of the new Italian confederation. If Italy would be united and become a great nation, she must look to Rome and to the popes. The influence of the popes alone can bring about a peaceable and bloodless revolution in Italy, such as would promote the best interests of the country. In the language of the eloquent Gioberti:

"It is not by exciting the subjects against their princes that the pontiff can save Italy; but by establishing a durable peace and concord among the princes and people of the peninsula, and by rendering the bonds of this peace indissoluble by means of a league of the various Italian

states, of which he is destined by Providence to be the leader and moderator. That the pope is naturally and should be effectively the civil head of Italy, is a truth proved from the nature of things, confirmed by the history of many ages, acknowledged at different times by our princes and people, and called in question only when some of them had drunk at foreign fountains and derived thence poison to be infused into their own country. Nor is it necessary, in order to bring about this confederation, that the pope should receive or take to himself a new power, but only that he should resume an ancient right, interrupted indeed, but not annulled, inalienable in its nature, and often solemnly exercised. This power varied indeed in the manner of its exercise and in the means employed for carrying out its purposes, according to times and places; but it was always directed towards one great end,—the union and harmony of the Italian states. If Leo III provided for the safety of Italy by renewing the empire in the west, and placing the imperial crown on the brow of Charles of Austria, (in which we are to praise the intention more than the deed) at a later period, Alexander III opposed the degenerate successors of that emperor, and made the tiara an ægis of the common liberty and independence. Alexander obtained his end precisely by means of a league of which he was the sovereign head and leader; and if the Lombard league was transitory and embraced only a portion of Italy, the fault was not certainly that of the popes, but of their enemies. Unspeakable are the benefits which Italy would derive from a political confederation under the moderating control of the pontiffs. Such a confederation would increase the strength and power of the various princes without impairing their independence, and it would communicate to all the blessings of each of its members. It would remove the causes of internal discord, wars, and revolutions, and it would oppose an insuperable barrier to foreign invasions; for Italy, protected as she is by the Alps and surrounded by the sea, could of herself, if properly united, resist the assaults of the half of Europe."*

From this extract, and from many other passages of a similar tenor in the work of the distinguished Italian writer, it will appear that the theory we have above endeavored to establish, is, with some modifications, that which he, and the sounder portion of Italian political writers of the present day advocate, as the best calculated to promote the welfare of their country, and as, in fact, the only one that is practicable under the circumstances in which Italy is now placed. We must make room for another extract from Gioberti's work, which will shed additional light on the subject. Though rather lengthy, it will well repay the perusal. It is found at the close of the second volume, and contains a condensed summary of his whole book, in the shape of a picture of Italy, not as she now is, but as he would have her to be. It also furnishes us with a fair specimen of his style and manner.

"When dreaming can alleviate, even for a moment, the painful sense of our common miseries, and expand the wearied soul into joyous and generous hopes, I think it not unlawful to dream. It does not even appear to me either too rash or wholly ridiculous to entertain such imaginations, since these are of such a nature as to require for their realization conditions neither extraordinary nor impossible, but only a little concord among our princes and people. Such appears to me to be the chimera—if others choose to call it so—which I have traced in this discourse now drawing to a close.

"Giving way to this sweet illusion, ... I have pictured to myself Italy, not such as she is, but such as she should be, and such as she could become, not only without any violent commotion or miracle, but naturally and with great ease, if the salutary germs contained within her bosom could be properly developed. And

* Del Primato, &c. vol. i, p. 53-4.

I have entered so fondly and so deeply into this cherished fancy, that I have dared hope to see it one day realised; and even now, considering it with calm reflection, I cannot wholly divest my mind of a hope so very sweet and consoling. If I seem to others to be in error, no one will, I hope, be so cruel as to wish to take from me, and no one so rigid as to forbid me, a hope so innocent. And what spectacle more beautiful for an Italian than to behold his country united, strong, powerful, devoted to God, full of internal concord and tranquillity, respected and admired by its people! What future can be imagined more blissful! What happiness more desirable! If to create this beautiful Italy, it were necessary to drive out its present lawful possessors, or to have recourse to the sad alternative of a revolution, or to the most sad and shameful expedient of foreign succor, the goodness of the end would not justify the iniquity of the means, and the nature of these would be sufficient to vitiate and poison the obtaining of the desired result. But no one of these turbid ideas, no one of these culpable hopes, mars the sweetness of my dream.

"I picture to myself my beautiful country one in language, in literature, in religion, in scientific thought, in national spirit, in social habits, and in private and public concord among the princes and people who compose it. I represent it to myself unanimous and powerful through a stable and perpetual alliance of its various princes, which increasing the strength of each one of them by the accession of that of all the rest, will make of their soldiery one great Italian army, will secure the thrones of the peninsula against foreign invasion, and, with the aid of a common navy, will render us formidable even by sea, and make us sharers with other maritime nations in the dominion upon the ocean. I picture to myself the festivity and the admiration of the sea, when an Italian fleet shall again cut the waters of the Mediterranean; and when the moveable plains of the sea, usurped for so many ages, shall again come under the empire of that powerful and generous race which erewhile ruled them and gave to them its own name!*

"I see fixed upon this Italy rising in the future the eyes of Europe and of the world; I see the other nations, first astonished, and then loyal and devoted, receive from her with spontaneous movement the principles of the true, the form of the beautiful, the example and the rule of good doing and of exalted thinking. I see the rulers of her various states and all the orders of her citizens animated with only one spirit, fraternally coöperating by different means towards the happiness of their country, and emulating one another in their endeavors to render it stable, perpetual, and prosperous. I see the noble and the rich dignified, affable, and courteous, polite, modest, pious, charitable, prizing the privileges of their order, only so far as these may contribute towards obtaining those of intellect and mind, by affording them more ample and frequent occasions for practising every private and civil virtue, doing good to those under them, and devoting themselves to the efficacious cultivation and patronage of the fine arts, of philosophy, and of letters . . . . . I see all orders of the laity obedient to the laws and to religion, reverent with freedom of mind and without servility towards their princes and their priesthood, and as far removed from approving the abuses of things or the defects of men, as from confounding these with the institutions themselves. . . . . .

"I see our princes become the friends, the benefactors, the fathers of their people, not approving the disorders of bad clergymen, nor tolerating the insolent exactions of bad noblemen; maintaining with inexorable firmness *the equality of all our citizens before the law;* employing their ample fortunes, not in private indulgences, but

* An allusion probably to the similarity between the Italian word *pelago*—sea, and the *Pelasgic* race, to which the Italians belong.

in works of public utility worthy by their importance of a royal munificence. I see them intent, with fatherly solicitude and with special care, upon educating, improving, and rendering happy, as far as possible, the humbler and poorer classes; for it is a thing shameful, horrible, pagan, worthy of perpetual infamy in this world and of eternal punishment in the other, that those in power, reversing the moral code of Christ, should raise up to the skies the proud children of the world for whom hell was made, and should neglect the humble and the lowly, *who are the elect of God and the cherished objects of his divine complacency.*

"To effect all this good for the present, and to secure it for the future, I see the rulers of Italy putting forth their hands *to those civil reforms* which are called for by prudence and by the exigencies of the state, and are conformable to the discreet wishes of the sounder portion of the nation. I see agriculture, industry, commercial enterprise, the mechanical arts, the fine arts, literature, and science, all protected, honored, and prospered; I see education and public instruction flourishing, and the individual liberty of each citizen as secure and inviolable under the ægis of the government as it would be in the best constituted republics.

"I see, in fine, religion placed on the summit of every thing human, and princes and people rivalling each other in reverence for the Roman pontiff, acknowledging and venerating him, not only as the successor of Peter, the vicar of Christ, and the head of the universal church, but also as the pacific umpire and pacificator of Europe, as the fountain of civilization, as the spiritual father of the human race, as the natural heir and the pacific exponent of the Latin grandeur. And hence I represent to myself, assembled in his presence and blessed by his right hand, the diet of Italy and of the world, and I picture to myself in this two-fold and magnificent council, called together amidst the ruins of ancient Rome, a revival of that venerable senate which once controlled the destinies of nations, and in which the disciple of Demosthenes recognised, not an assemblage of men, but a convocation of the immortals.

"Thus, it appears to me that I see a means of finally reconciling public good with private utility, and of rendering the felicity of Italy compatible with that of other people; of banishing from the world, by means of this blessed harmony, every element of wars, of civil commotions, of revolutions. I thus console myself with the thought that our poor country, so often devastated by barbarians and torn by its own children, will be free from these two scourges, and will repose in dignified peace. There will then be no longer any danger that a hypocritical and insolent foreigner should succeed in conquering it with arms, or in seducing it into internal divisions by lying promises and perfidious intrigues, in order to make it bend the more easily under his yoke; nor will our country again behold its soil red with the blood of its own citizens, nor see its heedless but generous children strangled with halters, shot down with muskets, perishing under the axe, or wandering miserable exiles in foreign countries."*

This was published some three years ago, and about two years before the accession of Pius IX. If the eloquent author be still living, as we suppose he is,† he may now breathe more freely, and find that his dream, however glowing and apparently extravagant it may have seemed to many at the time, was really somewhat prophetic, and that it is already on the eve of being realised in all its leading features. We cannot indeed, expect that the Roman pontiffs will ever again be able to exercise that extensive civil influence over the affairs of Europe which they wielded at a period when European jurisprudence made them the umpires of nations and the paternal protectors of the oppressed and

* Vol. ii, p. 307—seqq.

† We are told that he resides in or near Paris, and often visits Belgium.

aggrieved in every civilised land. The complexion of European society has since undergone a complete revolution; and we do not believe that a change in the policy of the popes as settled for three centuries past would be either practicable, or adapted to the altered circumstances of the times, or that it would be desirable even to themselves. But one thing is certain; the pontiffs might and should be allowed to exercise a controlling influence over the political destinies of the Italian peninsula. This alone can bring out the resources of Italy, unite all her people in the cause of nationality, and make them one great and united nation.

The chief difficulty in the way of the Italian confederation is Austrian influence. But Austria, much as she is opposed to Italian freedom and nationality, would scarcely dare oppose it by an armed intervention in Italian affairs. Should she attempt to crush by main force the rising spirit of Italian nationality and the peaceful effort of the Italian governments to organise themselves into a confederation, the whole civilised world would rise up against her and cry out for shame. She might and would probably bring into play all the intrigues of her wily policy to thwart or stifle the movement; but Austrian art is scarcely an over-match for Italian diplomacy. In this contest of wits she might find herself completely foiled by the shrewd and ready Italian diplomatists. Her own Italian provinces would not, of course, be suffered to take part in the confederation; but they might, in spite of her watchfulness, catch enough of the national enthusiasm from their neighbors and brethren, to make it necessary or at least expedient for Austria to make them some concessions, in order to prevent the formation of another Lombard league which might prove fatal to her Italian influence, and even to her Italian dominion.

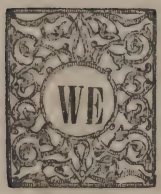
Why should not Italy be free and independent? Why should she not again stand up among the nations of the earth? Is she not the mother of empire, the fountain of civilization, the land of genius, the home of the fine arts, the parent of inventions, the birth-place of Dante, of Tasso, of Galileo, of Columbus, of Michael Angelo? Why should she be kept down by foreign bayonets assisting internal divisions? Is she not now, even in her depressed political condition, the same glorious country which Pliny once described, as, "the land which is at the same time the disciple and the teacher of all other lands, chosen by the wisdom of the gods; a land destined to make the heavens themselves glow with greater brightness, to gather together scattered empires, to soften manners, to infuse order into the discordant and savage language of various nations by the influence of her own tongue; to give speech and civilization to mankind; and to be, in one word, the common country of all the nations of the earth?"*

If so, why should she be enslaved? Why should she, who has ever been the greatest benefactress of the human race, be herself deprived of the blessings she has so freely communicated to others? We repeat it; she has yet the germs of vitality strong in her bosom; and she must and will rise again: this century will not pass away without witnessing this glorious result of the pontificate of Pius IX.

* Plin. Hist. iii, 3.

THE FLORAL YEAR,

EMBELLISHED WITH BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS DRAWN AND COLORED FROM NATURE. EACH FLOWER ILLUSTRATED WITH A POEM; BY MRS. ANNA SEYRE DINNIES. BOSTON: PUBLISHED BY BENJ. B. MUSSEY. 1847.



HAD intended to commence our notice of this most beautiful work with a definition of poetry. On this definition, and on the principles it would have involved, we had intended to have based our remarks. We find, however, no definition which pleases us. We feel what poetry is; but we know not how to phrase our idea of it. In fact we doubt if we have, or can have, any distinct idea of it, any more than we can distinctly conceive of the beauty of a flower, the melody of a song, the purity of a chaste and holy sentiment, and the deliciousness of lovely memories exhumed from the dead rubbish of the past. The nearest and most satisfactory approach we can make to it, is, that poetry is religion, and religion poetry. We cannot conceive of true poetry which is not religious, nor of true religion which does not consecrate and make more beautiful the things and thoughts, around which poetry sheds sunshine and a rose-colored atmosphere of loveliness. The wings of the muse lag idly and she progresses with a sluggard's pace, or falls to earth, in the dull and stifling atmosphere of immorality. It is so even with the splendid and licentious muse of Byron. In the most wicked of all his writings this truth is strikingly exemplified. Haidee the kind, compassionate, beautiful girl, all sympathy, all merriment, all innocence; loving flowers, birds, and the island shore; pitying the sorrows of her kind, with affectionate deeds flowing from her pure young heart, like clear, quick waters from an unstained fountain, is an enchanting embodiment of the loveliest poetry. But Haidee, betrayed, sensual, voluptuous, is most flatulent and prosaical; a thing "of the earth earthy," consumed by foul and unhallowed passions. It is the duty of poetry to give humanity the light of the sunbeams and the hue and color of the rose, and not to borrow a shade from darkness and a stench from the sewer to slime and defile its excellence. And this, in the highest and noblest degree, is the object of religion.

Hence we conceive that we are not departing from the true end of a religious magazine in noticing, more fully than usual, this work, published in a style not less exquisite and beautiful, than is the matter which it contains. Its poems may be said to be pearls in a casket. That there are some imperfections in the casket and some flaws in some of the pearls, we do not deny. But they are such flaws and imperfections that their detection would argue no extreme acuteness, and their character require no great severity of criticism. They are manifestly such as result from haste—haste in composition and haste in publication. The frontispiece, the spirit (we presume) of poetry, is large beyond proportion, and she has taken to herself much more room than she is fairly entitled to. In fact we do not like the whole frontispiece. It is not equal to the other most beautiful engravings of the book. We cannot understand the idea intended to be conveyed by the engraving of an aborigine standing immediately above the exquisite motto of the book. We also notice some expressions such as

"sunshine *striking*," "dwelling *up* there, in heaven," &c., which, if one were disposed to be elegantly fastidious, might be the subject of criticism. These, however, compared with the abundant excellencies of the work, are mere trifles.

It is a work of great merit, poetic in conception and artistic in execution. The idea of the work is itself most beautiful. To gather the beautiful flowers of every season and every month into bouquets, to make them emblematic of the holiest and loveliest sentiments, and to wed them to the harmonies of verse, was a noble and precious labor. For this labor Mrs. Dinnies has shown herself well qualified. Her flowers are culled with much taste, and ever with the most poetic end in view. She seems to have a hearty and unaffected love for her work, and gives an affectionate expression and beautiful sentiments to the humblest flower which grows. But a few days have elapsed since we read in a southern magazine an eulogistic notice of the authoress, the writer of which observed that she had but little sympathy with flowers, and trees, and the great wonders of the visible world. The critic has only to cast his eye upon this work to see how rare, tender, and beautiful her love of them is. We had entertained a similar belief. All that we had seen of Mrs. D's. poetry had been of the fireside and of fireside joys, hopes and loves. Of these we knew she wrote truly, eloquently, beautifully. This volume of poetry has come in good time to falsify that belief.

It is an eloquent vindication of her love of nature. It may be even said that she is too intensely enthusiastic. Upon every object, great and small, she lavishes an abundance of affection. Every tiny flower has beautiful sentiments and holy lessons. Every breeze whispers some truth, and every star beam and ray of sunshine has a message of hope, and love and promise. The evergreen thorn speaks of solace in sorrow; the snowdrop, of simplicity; the daisy, of innocence; the laurel, of ambition; the crimson rose, of passionate love; the white jonquil, of religious devotion; the violet, of modesty; the wall flower, of fidelity; in fact she seems to have recognised in her heart the beautiful language of the flowers, and most eloquently does she phrase it into poetry. When she describes a flower, one might almost conceive that it stood before him in a clear, bright, sunny atmosphere, made musical by an unforgotten gush of song. Ever since we read her work we have unconsciously imagined that beautiful flowers were around us. Even in our sleep this thought has followed us; and in our dreams the blue violet and the pure, white lily have bloomed before us. During the long, cold winter, when the chilly winds sweep through the long, cheerless streets, and the tall brick houses look dimly through the smoky atmosphere, we will turn to this volume and believe that the flowers yet syllable the silent poetry of earth, and that their noiseless hymn of praise rises through a fragrant atmosphere around us. We shall dream of a sunset such as this:

The setting sun with golden rays
  Has tinged the western sky;
And floating clouds around him blaze
  In gorgeous pageantry;
  While loveliness not wont to gleam,
  Beneath his warm, meridian beam,
  But such as in a Claude it meets,
  The muses' eye now sweetly greets.
Yet in the vale dark shadows rest,
  And *throng the mountain high;*
While on the water's tranquil breast
  Appears the pictured sky.

In freshness steeped, the balm-fraught breeze
  Sweeps *o'er the closing flowers;*
And swells like music through the trees,
  Sighing of by-gone hours;
  E'en in its fragrance there's a spell
  The soul must own but cannot tell,
  And in its murmurs soft and bland
  Seem whispers from the spirit land.

The laden bee, the chirping bird,
  Now flitting to repose,
With buzzing insects, ever heard
  At evening's dewy close—

Have all an influence sad but sweet.
* * * * *
* * * * *
And now, behold! The glorious sun,
The mountain, wave and vale,
And bright clouds, which our worship won,
Are lost or fading—pale.
* * * * *
* * * * *
Another change.—Lo! *piercing from*
The dark, still vault above,
One little star has brightly come,
Like hope, or peace, or love.

There is a picture for a man to dream of! to cherish in his memory and to carry with him into the dreary winter! That *is* a sunset! And so we might wander on, as through some enchanted garden, culling, at every step, some description of nature no less beautiful and delicately appreciative than this. But we forbear, and turn to her expression of sentiments.

In this, we must be allowed to say, the power of our authoress lies. Her heart is a well-spring of emotions, from which she pours a tide of verse exhaustless, deep, clear, strong. She has manifestly lived by the fireside and in the city. She has seen the beautiful things of nature, loved and studied them. But her abode has manifestly been in the "walled cities." She could not have written "Wedded Love," and "The Wife," had it been otherwise. There is something in both, which speaks of a long and noble contest with evils such as are found only in the city. Her very illustrations of floral sentiment have a continued reference to city life. The very intensity of her love for the affections which cluster around the family hearth is an evidence of this. Of the struggles which are found in this life, she speaks fearlessly and trustingly. She never mentions them directly, but you feel that she has felt them, met them, and looked upon them boldly and inquiringly. When these enter into her song it gains new vigor. Antæus has felt the earth and spurns it. Her inspiration is loftier and stronger. As the flowers of the spring time burst forth only after the storm, so from her soul her purest poetry comes only after the dark hour of sorrow. Let "The Wife" and "Wedded Love," incomparably the two best pieces of poetry written by any western poetess, witness that. They are exquisitely mournful and beautiful. Yet again let the lines on a "Gifted Girl" witness this. We quote the concluding lines:

Alas! few know the wretchedness which clings
Around a heart in which affection's springs
Are flowing, deep, unanswered, all unsought,
From hidden sources—holy, high, unseen,
Unthought of by the common throng—who gaze
Upon the lone one's lofty brow serene,
O'er which no love-requited flash e'er plays.
Oh, gentle girl! dost envy still these gifts?
Its pitying gaze to mine thy mild eye lifts;
What says the spirit in my look that lies?
Belov'd of earth and heaven, be satisfied, be wise

We conceive that no mind, unless debauched by a false and vicious taste for exuberant imagery and meaningless brilliancy of phrase, can fail to admire the deep, pure feeling of the poems we have mentioned.

And here we may remark, that what is most commendable in Mrs. Dinnies is the absence of any apparent effort to produce "an effect." She is simplicity itself. She phrases beautiful things in the simplest words, and the airy and elegant simplicity of those words floats through the mind like the low-toned breathings of the wind-harp. Here is a most beautiful idea most daintily expressed. She is writing of the crimson rose:

Woman's love
Must ever prove
Imaged in this sweet flower;
Oh! bid it live
And charms 'twill give,
To each revolving hour;
But blight it not by coldness ever,
'Twill wither in a day,
And the rich gift and gentle giver,
Will both alike decay!

These lines are spoken in music, and if ever the purity and holiness of married love were more beautifully pleaded, it has not been our fortune to know it. Those

lines are written in the very witchery of simplicity. One might as well seek to "paint the lily," as to attempt to improve them. The memories of friendship she calls

Traditions of the heart, concealed
From all the world beside.

The divinity of mind she addresses thus:

Shrined on the spirit's altar! Oh reveal
The spell Zanoni-like, thy power hath thrown
O'er my very soul—whose high ideal
In thee alone it ever yet hath known;
Emblem of beauty! Eidolon of good!
Believed,—adored,—but dimly understood!

Her song (p. 136; Heliotrope—Promised Happiness) commencing

Cara mia! Twilight falleth
O'er the earth in shadows deep,

is exquisitely and infinitely above the ordinary love-songs of the day. It is so pure, tender and musical in sentiment, that one might fancy it a quiet hymn to beautiful things. "Maternal Love" (p. 180) is a most beautiful poem. We are tempted to quote it. And here is another —a song—so touchingly simple and lovely, so like the gushing of clear, glad, quiet waters, that we must quote it.

Oh! tell me not that strangers praise
My lute's unbidden song;
Its simplest and its proudest lays
To those I love belong,
I never touch its strings unless
To cheer a pensive hour,
Or win a magic smile to bless
Its unpretending power.
The smiles affection's lips have wreathed,
Ten thousand words are worth
Of idle praise, if lightly breathed
By strangers to her hearth.
And fame is but a fearful sound
To such a heart as mine;
My temples must remain unbound
Or friends the chaplet twine.
The laurel wreath or ivy crown,
The envied meed of those
Who strive for fame, I would lay down
To gain one fragrant rose!
For roses form the coronal
Which love's own hand composes;
Then be my garland e'er so small
If wholly made of roses.

We turn to another song of a melancholy cast, the tender beauty of which appears in its pervading and chilly tone of sorrow, like some soft floweret above the wintry snow. (Yew Tree—"sorrow deeply rooted.")

Hast ne'er beheld the rays of morning
Shine o'er some wild flower fresh and fair,
Their light, a golden veil, adorning,
Its petals, dancing in the air,
Yet ere the evening shades descended,
Some blast too rude that flower had torn,
Leaving its parent stem unfriended,
Desolate, ruined and forlorn?
If thou hast, to thee I need not tell
Of a heart where hopes were glowing bright,
And fairy visions were wont to dwell,
Till it met with sorrow's withering blight.
For alas! that stem in its loneliness,
And the flowers around it widely strown,
Were but the symbols, as thou may'st guess,
Of a heart, and its ruined hopes,—my own!

That is exquisitely beautiful in the "grace of not too much," who does not imagine that lovely flower, in the soft sunshine as before him? And who does not mourn its ruin, and muse over its moral?

There are many other very beautiful pieces, which we would be glad to quote did time and space permit. We are consoled under our inability to do so by the reflection that our readers can (and doubtless will) get the book and read them for themselves. The Lily's Restored Happiness—The Water Star Flower, Trust—China Aster, Woman's Heart—The Columbine, Folly of Delay—Nasturtium, Passing away—The White Chrysanthemum, Fidelity—The Althea Frutex, Persuasion—are all most excellent poems. "Autumn" is very fine. "Power of Association" is deeply poetic. "The Mind's Ideal" is perhaps the only overwrought piece in the whole volume. It however contains good lines. We may mention here as an instance of Mrs. D.'s naturalness that she scarcely ever omits a particle, abbreviates a word, or involves a sentence; and never speaks (as some we wot of) of her "poetic eye," her "sil-

very laugh," her "minstrel song," &c. Mrs. D. reminds us continually of that exquisite Quaker poet, Bernard Barton; the freshest, purest and most natural poet of the present century. She seems to have caught his spirit; and we consider it a compliment to any poet to say so. There is a rare sweetness in Barton, and some of these days, when he is dead and buried, the world will know him. In the mean time his poetry is a well, quietly and deliciously hidden from the public gaze, from which the chosen few may drink a genuine inspiration. Many of our authoress' poems are in his favorite measure.

In drawing our notice of this beautiful work to a close, we revert to our prefatory remarks. We said that poetry was religion, and religion, poetry. After reading this work, we feel the full force of our remark. In looking back over its pages we see no mention of the altar or the shrine, and yet we feel that there is religion in the book. The authoress has spoken lovingly, purely, beautifully of God's flowers—the flowers of earth and the flowers of the heart—and in this we hold there is religion. The end of religion is to prepare and refine the soul for an immortality too glorious for conception. All creation coöperates to this end. This is the undertone which breathes from its infinite works—added sympathies, increasing beauty, enlarging knowledge. Whoever teaches man to appreciate the undertone of music, which floods the whole existence of a Christian; whoever brightens the social hearth, beautifies domestic relations, and opens a new access to the human heart, through which the flowers and all the beautiful things of creation may whisper their emblemed truths, does a consecrated labor. There is something religious even in the less tangible effusions of poetry. If we cannot realise them, there is yet an answering echo in the soul, which proclaims their sympathy with its essential laws of being. They are high and noble efforts to express its indefinite and restless spirituality. God is in every righteous thought, and every sunbeam, and every flower, and every wave, and every cloud, and every breeze—abroad upon the earth, in the glad, free air, as well as in the shrined sanctuary. He is by the Christian's fireside and in his heart as well as by the altar. He speaks from the humblest flower as well as from scripture lore. The same lightning and thunder, in the midst of which he spoke from Sinai, yet gleams and roars above the earth; and the "still small voice" yet sweeps by us in the wind which thousands of years since bore it to the prostrate patriarch. We yet bear festal *flowers* to the open temple on holy days, and with them deck the Christian's shrine. And we would have the affections and virtues, which adorn the heart (no less the temple of God!) emblemed by the flowers we hang upon the shrine. We feel, then, that there is religion in this work, in which amid emblem flowers, we find so many of the heart's pure and beautiful hymns of quiet love. Blessings upon her, who has gone forth, among the gardens of the earth, to bring beautiful flowers and their wedded thoughts to gladden us through the long winter, to give the consecration of a new beauty to the simple ties of domestic life, and garland all existence with new and unthought of beauty! The world around us is more beautiful for the hue of the flowers, which, with thought, pervades all space, and for the perfume, which from them, she breathed over our existence. Christmas and New Year's day are coming; and we will seek this book to give to the pure, the young and beautiful, that their lives may be as graceful, as fragrant and as lovely as the flowers—for ever.

E. J. C.

THE CATHOLIC BRIDE,

OR, MORAL LETTERS ADDRESSED TO JULIA, DAUGHTER OF COUNT SOLARO DELLA MARGARITA, ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE TO COUNT EDUARDO DEMORRI DI CASTEL MAGNO.

Translated from the Italian, for this Magazine, by Charles Constantine Pise, D. D.

LETTER V.

From Silvio Pellico.

AM permitted, by your truly excellent father, my dear young countess, to offer you my homages on the occasion of your marriage. And my pleasure in so doing is the greater, as I am but mingling my blessings with those which others have already invoked upon your youth, your virtues, and your joys. What we know of yourself, of your husband, and of both your families, combines to give us a consoling idea of those moral and Christian harmonies, which augur for the newly-married the greatest probability of future happiness. But another, and still stronger ground of happy instruction, is the finished education which you have received, as well under your parental roof, as under the care of the ladies of the Sacred Heart. With the principles which they have instilled into you, with the instruction you have acquired, with the habits of the purest affection and the tenderest piety, how can you prove otherwise than an excellent wife, and, should heaven bless your union with children, of an exemplary mother.

The very gifts of a cheerful disposition, which God has blessed you with, derive a positive value when they are sanctified by the noble qualities of the mind. Cheerfulness and the sweet graces of gentle mirth contribute, in the young, who are the friends of God, to temper the wisdom of their conduct, and their contempt of vanity. These gifts are then a spectacle of edification, and an enchantment by which others are persuaded to practise virtue, and love religion. I do not wish to flatter you, young countess; but the Lord has been bountiful in his gifts to you, and I trust that you will correspond to the divine favors you have received. No daughter has ever been blessed with a better mother: the worthiest daughters are they who imitate the virtues of their mothers.

I do not assert this merely as a sentiment founded upon reasoning, but with the lively conviction from the recollection of a case in point. Many years ago I found myself in relation with a pious family, in which was consummated a marriage fraught with pleasing hopes, but which, however, awoke some uneasiness in the parents' minds, on account of the extreme youth of the bride. I was present, one day, when a venerable priest, a relative of the family, ventured to express some affectionate misgivings arising from her inexperience, when she, with great candor, remarked, that she was not as inexperienced as he imagined, "and from whom, then," he asked, "have you learned to regulate your life?" "From my mother," was her memorable answer.

I was then too young to reflect; but still that simple and sublime reply did not fail to strike my mind, and very often since has it come back to my recollection, a bride, as yet almost in childhood, felt herself strong and courageous from the example of her mother's virtues! Diffi-

culties and troubles were not wanting, in after life, to that excellent woman, and more, perhaps, than she could have foreseen; yet all her acquaintances admired the wisdom which she evinced from the beginning of her conjugal career, and the discretion and fortitude, and amiable prudence, with which she performed the duties of her state. She governed and obeyed with the humility of a wife, but with great firmness, too, in the practice of good works. This was one of the few marriages of which I saw and admired the propitious results. There will always be, in the happiest, abundant occasions of sorrow: but in this mortal condition we will surely find felicity to exist where the consolations of virtue are at hand.

When one advanced in age as I am, addresses a lady just on the eve of being led to the hymeneal altar, he cannot but yield to a kind of paternal instinct that warms the heart of age with sympathy for the young, and prompts him to offer appropriate advice, although, perhaps, not necessary, and certainly not new. Although having no authority over you, permit me, gentle lady, to offer you one. I cannot forget that it would be useless to dwell upon others more essential, which, I have no doubt, you have already received, and still receive, from those dear and venerable minds, so much better able to instruct you.

It seems to me that among the human virtues there is one too rarely recommended: and that is tranquil cheerfulness, continued serenity, that amiable, indulgent, and beneficent peace, which we love to contemplate as depicted in the countenances of the angels, of Blessed Mary, and of the divine Redeemer himself. Oh sacred graces of virtue that is cheerful! But, perhaps, you smile, and answer: "this young heart that beats so merrily has no need of being excited to gladness: and, perhaps, greater gravity should be recommended to me."

Certainly, young countess, mirth, and joyous confidence, and smiles, are proper to your age: and a soul so pure and loving, feels a stronger tendency to gaiety and jubilee, than to grief and despondency. Certainly the nuptials on which you are entering are beaming with a thousand rays, and prognosticate a charming future. But alas! the most fortunate existence is composed of many elements. The relations and social ties of a wife become numerous and multiform, from the day she leaves her home to grace her husband's days, to assume the mother's cares, to preside over the family circle, to edify all, of every rank, under whose observation she may be placed. The quiet of her virgin days, of peaceful retirement, of the gentle vigilance of her parent's and her teacher's solicitude are gone: those days are but a sweet remembrance.

A child, it is true, is strengthened by her mother's example, we know, but will it always be an easy task to follow it without apprehension? Oh! if virtue could enjoy uninterrupted content, where would be the merit of holy mirth? Is it to be supposed that the bride becomes a queen, and takes command in such a manner, that every thing must smile and grow gay before her joyous bidding. No, this is not, this should not be the case. To the obligation of filial obedience, there is added another law of obedience, not less sacred, not less lasting, and assuredly more serious, though sweetened by the affections. Illusory is that appearance of greater freedom that shines around the persons of the married. The condition of the wife is a condition of dependence, but of noble dependence. It is necessary that she who is placed in it should love it, and seek all her satisfaction in it.

Oh the humble peace of the years of childhood! the sweet obscurity of a virgin, who is not oppressed with brilliant, but yet thorny duties. The spontaneous ebullitions of those unfortunate joys which every day brought forth, and which survived the season of infancy! . . . But vain regret! Time will not retrocede:

the period hastens on when the child becomes an adult, known to the world, exposed to its opinions, and subject to innumerable obligations. Behold life commences! Behold perpetual obedience! Behold the cross, to be carried by the most delicate of Eve's daughters. And, nevertheless, it is their duty to prove themselves heroines of patience, and love, of tears and contentment.

My dear countess, there are in this pilgrimage some paths less rough than others: and earnestly do I hope that yours will prove one most strewn with flowers, and most varied with pleasant scenes and auspicious events. All this I augur for you, if you but carry out the beautiful monition of the Royal Psalmist: "Serve the Lord in joyfulness." The advice which I have given is but a comment on his. Never, then, give way to lengthened complaints, or protracted sorrow. Adorn all your social and domestic duties with that happy disposition which we are wont to style good humor, and good will. This is one of the angelical traits which is natural to your character: you have not, therefore, to acquire it, but only to preserve the treasure you already possess. A soul habituated to benevolent gaiety, is a power. The heavenly serenity enlarges the horizon of the intellect and heart, subdues all obstacles, increases the motives of consolation, and wins over the minds of others to mildness, to thankfulness, and to virtue.

Blessed and lasting joy be with you, most gentle bride. Serve God with sweet content amid all the cares of your new state of life, and spread around you, as you have hitherto done, meekness and peace, the love of perfection, and the smiles of happiness.

I have the honor to be
With great respect, &c.
SILVIO PELLICO.

TURIN, *August 6th*, 1845.

TREUGA DEI, OR THE TRUCE OF GOD.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

CHAPTER VII.

(Continued.)

THE morning of the 26th of March dawned calm and bright. A warm sun suddenly interrupted a long protracted spell of cold weather, the snow rapidly disappeared from the fields and streets, and the credulous, saw a happy omen in the genial spring day that broke through the icy fetters of winter to greet the coronation. A splendid procession moved to the cathedral, and during the celebration of grand high mass, Sigefroy, archbishop of Mayence, crowned and consecrated Rudolph rightful king and defender of the kingdom of the Franks.

After the ceremony, the nobles assembled to witness the tournament where the newly crowned monarch presided with a crowd of barons at his side. Gilbert stood at some distance from the royal person and watched the tilting with an all-absorbing interest. Henry of Stramen displayed so much address and managed his horse with so much skill, that Gilbert could scarce forbear to join in the applause rendered by those around him. So intent was he upon the lists that a citizen by his side had, unobserved by him, severed the links of a massive gold chain which he wore around his neck, and had concealed it in his gown. But a page who had perceived the theft, throttled the culprit and drew the chain from its hiding place.

The man was instantly dragged to prison and Gilbert had forgotten the occurrence, when the assembly was disturbed by loud cries and imprecations from without. Gilbert quick as thought passed through the doorway and stood in the street. The bourgeois of Mayence were zealous partisans of Henry and had already scowled upon the honors paid to his rival. The maltreatment and imprisonment of their townsman had kindled the spark of discontent to a flame. They had attacked the soldiers of Rodolph who, as was customary, attended the joust unarmed, and had rescued the thief. As Gilbert stood watching the tumult, he was singled out as the object of attack, probably at the direction of the citizen who had suffered in the attempt to steal his chain. The situation of the young noble, clad only in a velvet doublet and armed only with a light sword, was extremely precarious. Yet he did not dream of flight, but for a time kept his assailants at bay, slowly falling back upon the arena. A number of soldiers issuing from the pavilion gathered around him; but, shorn of their weapons, they could only parry without returning the blows of their adversaries, who were well supplied with stones and clubs.

Gilbert had not left the lists unobserved by Rodolph, who immediately despatched a page to watch his movements. When informed of his young friend's danger, he rose and cried in a loud voice:

"Gentlemen,— we would not have you meddle in this affray:—a party of my men have gone for their arms and it will speedily be terminated. But the son of Albert of Hers is now overpowered by these boors. Let some one hasten to his rescue!"

Three young knights at once dismounted and passed out:—the foremost bore in his crest a long black plume.

The generous soldiers, who had hitherto received upon their defenceless bodies the blows aimed at Gilbert, were almost all beaten down, and in a few minutes more, he would have been exposed comparatively unaided to the fury of the populace. His sword was shivered to the hilt, and though he drove back a giant who attempted to close with him, by dashing the guard in his face, he must have fallen beneath a club that swung over his head, had not a tall knight completely clad in armor, striding before him, intercepted the blow, and dashed the assailant to the earth. A shower of blows saluted the youth's deliverer, but he bore them unflinching, and vigorously plying his two-handed sword, cleared a space around the exhausted Gilbert. The two other knights arriving at this moment, the contest became more equal. But the mob were now displaying deadlier weapons, and Rodolph reluctantly resolved to command his chivalry to disperse the rabble, when his soldiers arrived with their arms. Inflamed by the loss of their comrades, the now formidable troops threw themselves upon the citizens and pursued them with great slaughter to their homes. When the knights were left without an enemy, Gilbert advanced to embrace his deliverer. But the knight of the black plume stepped back a pace, and raising his visor disclosed the features of Henry of Stramen, cold, haughty, and showing just the traces of a smile of disdain.

Gladly at that moment would Gilbert have fallen into his arms and entreated him to forget the past; but there were too many eyes to witness a repulse. He contented himself by saying:

"Sir, you have preserved my life, and with the grace of God you shall not repent it."

Henry made no reply, and they parted.

Gilbert was far too generous to regret an incident which laid him under such deep obligations to Henry of Stramen. He rejoiced that it had occurred, for it might remove the mortification produced by their late encounter, and diminish the mortal hatred with which he was regarded. He was also well disposed to welcome any accident that might give him a pre-

text for conciliating the house of Stramen. Henry perhaps secretly exulted that he had conferred a favor upon Gilbert that would gall his heart, whilst it poured a balm upon his own. Still he did not hold the youth in the same utter detestation as before.

On the next day, Rodolph, following an ancient custom, began a tour through his dominions.

Germany now presented the spectacle of a country claimed by two kings. To Gregory the party of the old king was heretical and odious;—that of the new king pure and orthodox. Though all his sympathies were with the latter, he still openly blamed and deplored the conduct of his legates and refused to acknowledge Rodolph as king. The pope well knew what a delicate undertaking it was to depose a sovereign whom he had consecrated, and how fraught with danger such a precedent must be. His interest evidently called him to receive Rodolph at once into his arms, and had he done this, the result of the contest would have been very different. In the behaviour of Gregory, we discover in addition to an insuperable aversion to countenance civil war, a disposition to endure the last extremity rather than dethrone a legitimate monarch, and perhaps a preference of Henry, for his parents' sake, to his rival.

Both kings prepared vigorously for the struggle which could not be long postponed. Henry's measures were admirably calculated to increase his power. He scattered rich benefices lavishly among the clergy, lured on the soldiers of fortune with tempting bribes, and granted enviable privileges to the seaboard towns. The citizens of Augsburg after tasting his bounty braved the menaces of his antagonist. Hordes of brigands from Bohemia were attracted to his camp by brilliant largesses and the prospect of an easy booty. The German cities, and particularly those along the Rhine, had always, pursuant to the policy of his ancestors, been the objects of his peculiar favor; and the merchants of Worms were relieved from all imposts. The population of these cities was soon ranged under the banner of Henry, whose ranks increased so long as gold could buy, and the promise of license and plunder attract.

Rodolph's policy served to diminish instead of swelling his numbers. He devoted himself at the sacrifice of every thing else to gain the pope to acknowledge him as king. He appeared the inflexible chastiser of simony and ecclesiastical corruption. The very day of his coronation he had obtained the dismissal of a simoniacal deacon. Every where he compelled the nominees of Henry to fly, and filled their places with zealous champions of the canonical discipline. At Constance and Zurich he drove the irregularly appointed bishops from their sees: he placed Lutold, a zealous champion of the pope, over the monastery of St. Gall, which had been devoted to his rival. Many, frightened by these severities, deserted his standards, and others recoiled from the presence of so rigorous an enforcer of spiritual purity.

Thus whilst the cause of Henry was flourishing under his criminal artifices Rodolph was weakened by his honest severity. Yet there was this difference between the parties. The minions of Henry were goaded on by individual interests—the partisans of Rodolph by a common resolution to die in defence of a sublime principle; the first were incited by the hope of plunder, the lust of empire, ambition, avarice, or a lawless appetite for war—the last were animated by a love of liberty and fought for future security from oppression; the one prepared to preserve unrighteous license and ill gotten gains—the other were inspired by the hope of regaining the freedom of which they had been unjustly deprived, and by the resolve to regain their ancestral rights and to protect the outraged church of God.

Albert of Hers with all his energy and address had not succeeded in extracting from Suabia more than two thousand men.

With this small force he joined Rodolph, who was then encamped at the little village of Sommeringen, with scarce three thousand Suabians. Here they learned that Henry, at the head of twelve thousand effective troops, was advancing upon Suabia through Ratisbon. Rodolph soon heard of the atrocities of his rival, who abandoned the country to fire, sword, and rapine. Old men and women, pale with fear, came crowding into camp with thrilling tales of the brutality of the Bohemians and their associates. The war had begun; and Henry was devastating the region bordering on the Danube and the Rhine, from Esslingen to Ulm. Though his force did not amount to half that of his opponent, Rodolph, enraged by the crimes he could not prevent, would have gone to meet his competitor, but for the unanimous opposition of his nobles. Whilst the Suabian party were deliberating upon the best course to pursue, Henry, by a forced march, fell unexpectedly upon their rear. Taken by surprise and overpowered by numbers, they fled in all directions; and Rodolph, accompanied only by a remnant of his army, escaped with difficulty into Saxony. Suabia was now at the mercy of the victor.

Tidings of this disastrous defeat had not yet reached the Lady Margaret. The scanty intelligence she could occasionally glean, was not such as to brighten the melancholy caused by the absence of her father and brother. Her fears thickened daily, as rumor, for once unable to exaggerate, divulged the massacres and impieties of the old imperialists. Her only relief was in the sacraments, administered by the saint Herman, and in prayer. The wives of the yeomen, not knowing when to expect the enemy, sought shelter in the castle with their parents and children. There, were gathered the innocent, the aged, the young, the beautiful; and the Lady Margaret experienced some relief in administering to their wants and calming their anxiety. She did not rely much upon the few faithful soldiers who were left to guard the castle; but, though womanly apprehension would often blanch her cheek, and her frame quiver as some recent deed of shame was unfolded, her confidence in God continued unabated.

One afternoon, as the Lady Margaret, surrounded by the inmates of the castle, was seated in the hall, Bertha, clad in a black mantle, stole silently into the room and glancing wildly around, began to traverse the apartment with rapid strides. Her excited manner attracted much attention, and many anxious conjectures were made as to the cause of her meaning gestures. At length, stopping before the Lady Margaret, who watched her movements with a troubled eye, she sang almost in a wisper,—

"The sunbeam was bright on their shields as they came,
But dim on their blood-rusted spears,
They gave up the hamlet to pillage and flame,
And scoffed at the kneeling one's tears!"

"Perhaps the enemy are upon us," said a grey coated palmer, who for some days had shared the bounty of the Lady Margaret.

At these words, a general murmur ran round the group and then all was still as death.

Bertha resumed in a louder tone,

"They come—they come—the groan, the shout
Of death and life ring wildly out!—
The sky is clouding at their cry,
As they top their reeking blades on high;—
Arm gallants all! and watch ye well,
Or to-morrow's chime will be your knell."

As she concluded the rough fragment, she extended her arm to the south and shaking her finger menacingly, muttered, ——"They come!"

This thrilling announcement called forth more than one cry from the lips of the trembling listeners. To increase the panic, a groom burst into the room and whispered something into the Lady Margaret's ear that made her start and turn pale as marble. Awhile she sat motionless and apparently sinking. But it was

not long before her weakness disappeared, and her face assumed a serene, undaunted expression that imparted new hope to those who were sobbing about her. The wailing was hushed as she rose and said calmly and without faltering,

"We shall probably be attacked in a few hours by an inferior force. Let us pray to God that we may be able to defeat their malice."

In uttering this she had fallen upon her knees, and the rest of the group, imitating her example, knelt beside her. When that solemn and fervent prayer was over, the voice of the grey palmer was again heard, as he cried,

"If any man here can still hurl stone, or thrust spear, let him follow me to the walls!"

About six, in whom age had not quenched the fire or strength of youth, and as many beardless youths, sprang up at the call and accompanied the speaker out of the room.

Exclusive of this new force, the defenders of the castle were not more than twenty, yet so admirable were its defences, that they might hold in check an attacking party of more than a hundred. The warder and his men were grouped together at the main gate, straining their eyes against the horizon where the smoke of some cottages indicated the presence of the foe, when the palmer advanced and asked permission to assist them. This was readily granted, and the recruits were soon supplied with defensive armor and the usual weapons. The palmer wore his head-piece over his hood; and, with his breast-plate over his gown, which tucked up with more than John Chandos' prudence, but half revealed the thigh-pieces beneath it, he was equally conspicuous and grotesque.

A body of mounted men could now be plainly seen rapidly advancing. They no longer stayed to desolate the humble dwellings in their path, but swept on against the stately castle which seemed to bid them defiance. The Lady Margaret was now among the soldiers animating them to resistance. Guided by the palmer, to whom the command had been tacitly yielded, the men were busily engaged in carrying large stones up to the battlements over the archway.

"Who are our assailants?" asked the maiden, as with a firm step she mounted the wall.

The advancing troops rode up to the raised drawbridge, displaying as they came the picturesque costume and swarthy face of the Bohemian marauder. The Lady Margaret's cheek was now deeply flushed, and the haughty spirit of her race flashed within her eyes and curled her lip in scorn.

"They are not a hundred," she said to the palmer, who stood at her side.

In reply, the palmer pointed to a body of men-at-arms, then emerging from a clump of trees in which they had been hitherto concealed. Her color fell at the sight of this new force—yet only for a moment:—the next instant her cheek resumed its glow. This column, about a hundred strong, approached slowly and cautiously, as if expecting a sally, until they too had reached the moat.

"We call upon you to open your gates!" exclaimed a knight, who rode a little in advance.

"To whom?" replied the Lady Margaret in a loud voice.

"To your rightful king and master, Henry of Austria!"

"We do not own a monarch," she returned, "who has forfeited the crown, and our gates shall be closed against all who come in his name."

"You refuse to surrender?"

"Yes!"

"Prepare then, for we will force a passage!"

"We are ready, and invite you to begin!"

The animation, which had hitherto supported the maiden, gave way, and, all trembling, she descended the rough steps and returned to the castle.

The attack was at once begun. The assailants were not supplied with cross bows or instruments for casting stones, and the palmer with the soldiers, who readily submitted to his command, could safely watch their operations from the battlements. Some with their battle axes dashed into the moat and swam across to cut the chain which raised the bridge; but hardly had they reached the shore before they were struck down with stones, hurled from the walls. The palmer's object was to hold out until nightfall and create as much delay as was attainable. The sun was already half hidden behind the hills.

But the fall of the bridge now became inevitable. Their ammunition was exhausted, and three of the assailants, armed with axes, occupied the bridge, whilst others were arriving at intervals.

"Let us at least gain five minutes," exclaimed the palmer. "One sortie for the pope and Rodolph of Suabia!"

The bars were withdrawn and the gallant band poured out.

"Suabia!" shouted the palmer as he launched a heavy mace at one who was hewing at the chain, and felled him to the earth. With a well aimed thrust he laid another at his feet, and so well was he seconded, that the bridge was soon cleared. This gallant feat was greeted with cries of rage from their opponents on the other bank, many of whom forgetting their heavy armor in their indignation, leaped into the water and sank muttering idle imprecations. For some minutes the defenders held the bridge, but fearful of being intercepted, they made good their retreat and stood safe within the gate, without the loss of a man.

As farther resistance was impossible, the bridge was abandoned to its fate, and was speedily lowered amid the rejoicings and threats of the besiegers. It was now towards twilight, and the strong gate would baffle their efforts till dark. When that was won, the ballium and the inner wall could still be disputed.

"There is nothing to be done now," said the palmer to his companions, "and you had better go to the castle and take some refreshment, for we will soon have need of all our strength."

As they retired at his suggestion, he climbed to the crennels and looked anxiously out upon the plain until the men returned; when, resigniug the barbacan to the warder, he went to receive the thanks of the lady Margaret, who expressed her gratitude for his services by waiting upon him in person.

The assailants had cut down a tree which they used as a battering ram against the gate: but the stern bars were yet unshaken. It was now pitch dark. A thunder storm had suddenly gathered, and the report of the distant bolt came upon the ear, mingling with the still more appalling clash of the beam against the gate.

Brief indeed was the repose of the palmer before he was again at the embrasures. Bold as he was, he trembled as a blinding flash poured a flood of livid light over the plain and castle. It was not the sudden bolt that awed him; but the lightning streamed upon a host of armed men stretching away as far as the eye could reach. They were not half a mile off. Another flash leaped out, and revealed a forest of spears.

"It is the king himself!" muttered the palmer; "we will be surrounded by a host! God assist us, or we are lost!"

Such were the sounds that trembled on his lips as he abandoned his post. Selecting the groom who had announced the enemy, he whispered to him:

"Do you wish to save your mistress?"

"With my life!" said the man.

"Then lead me to the postern gate."

In their impetuosity, the attacking party had neglected to blockade this avenue, before darkness prevented them from discovering it. The banks of the moat opposite the gate had been made shelving, so as to afford a means of retreat to the besieged, without giving any advantage to the besieger. When they had gained

the postern and drawn back the bolts, the palmer said to his companion,

"Now as you value life and honor, saddle the best three horses,—one for yourself—one for your lady—the third for me:—swim the moat and wait till I come."

The groom promised obedience and they separated,—the groom to the stable, the palmer in quest of the lady Margaret.

He found her in the midst of her dependents, praying in the oratory. It was a sight to make the heart bleed,—that defenceless group, with tearful eyes and hands raised trembling to heaven, now starting as the iron gate groaned beneath the heavy blows, now glancing timidly around as the lightning streamed in upon them. The palmer stepped up to the maiden and drew her aside.

"You must fly with me!" he said.

"Why?—Are we not safe?"

"Before one may count a hundred, we are surrounded by the whole army of the tyrant!"

This sudden and awful disclosure was too much for the frail maiden, already exhausted by watching and excitement. She grasped his wrist and shuddering as she fixed her eyes on him, staggered forward and would have fallen, had not the palmer caught her now lifeless form, and raising it in his arms passed from the room. Through the gallery, down the staircase, along the portico he passed, as swiftly as though he carried but a child. The wind came damp and cold against his cheek, the rain poured pitilessly upon his head, the arrowy lightning seemed to play around his feet, but manfully he hurried on with his precious charge. The gate was reached; he paused but an instant to hail the groom and take breath, then slid into the moat, and in a short space stood safe upon the other side. Here he staid but to envelope the maiden in his own heavy cloak, which he had snatched up when the rain began. As her consciousness was but imperfectly restored, the palmer mounted one of the horses and placed her before him. The groom at his direction sprang to the saddle and led the third animal.

When they were a little within the wood, the palmer exclaimed,

"Can you find the road to count Montfort's?"

The groom replied in the affirmative.

"Then take the lead and strike it at the nearest point."

After groping for some minutes they succeeded in hitting it, and, aided by the lightning, pursued their course as swiftly as the storm and night permitted.

The lady Margaret was awakened to her situation only to pour forth torrents of tears. In vain the palmer tried to moderate her grief—she could scarcely be persuaded from returning.

The rain had now ceased, and as the clouds rolled away, they obtained light enough to continue their flight more rapidly and securely.

"Look!" cried the groom, as they stood on the top of a lofty hill. The palmer could scarcely repress an inclination to throttle his imprudent friend; for as the lady Margaret turned her head, she saw a column of smoke and flame curling up, as if it warred against the skies.

"It is my father's castle!" she said.—"Oh! what has become of those we left?" she added, shuddering.

"Let us trust in God!" murmured the palmer.

Brighter and brighter grew the flame—higher and higher rose the lurid column. Still the lady Margaret continued to gaze on the fiery pillar. At last the light suddenly expanded and burned a while with intense brilliancy. It was but for a moment. Dimmer and dimmer grew the flame, and darkness soon settled over the ashes of Stramen castle.

The palmer now placed the maiden upon the third horse and led the way with his hand upon her bridle. Two hours more brought them to the fortress of Tubingen, where the brave count Montfort, though refusing to join Rodolph, had de-

termined to hold out to the last against his perjured and sacrilegious rival. The palmer demanded admittance in the name of Albert of Hers, and instantly obtained it.

The generous countess received the daughter of Stramen with open arms, and the count swore first to protect and then to avenge her. Nor was the palmer forgotten. Despite his ridiculous costume, now soiled and torn and stained with blood, he exhibited no embarrassment when ushered into the presence of the noble group.

"The lady Margaret would know her deliverer?" said the countess.

The palmer removed his head piece and threw back his hood.

"Do you remember me, my lady?" he asked with a smile.

The maiden looked as one striving to recall a dream.

"Do you remember Ailred of Zurich, the minnesinger?"

Her cheek turned scarlet as she exclaimed, "O! how much I owe you!—"

"You owe me nothing, lady," returned Humbert.

"Is my life nothing?"

"If you prize that," was the reply, "reserve your thanks for him who made your safety my duty."

CHAPTER VIII.

Hark to the trump and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steeds, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash and the shout, "they come, they come!"

SIEGE OF CORINTH.

RODOLPH was received with open arms by the Saxons. Dukes, counts, barons and gentlemen hastened to Merseburg, where, at a grand festival in his honor, he was solemnly acknowledged king of the Saxons. On every side the Saxons were flying to arms against their old enemy, and the princes unanimously advised the new monarch to march against his competitor, who had been recently again anathematized by the papal legates. Rodolph, burning to retrieve his defeat and to save Suabia from further desolation, hearkened eagerly to suggestions that chimed so well with his own inclinations. He tarried only to wait the reinforcements of Welf and Berthold, and hoping to expedite their union with him, marched upon Melrichstadt in Franconia.

Henry was no sooner apprised of this intended junction, than he resolved to defeat it. Instantly evacuating Suabia, he led his powerful army towards Saxony. He had deployed twelve thousand peasants to cut off the two dukes, and advanced with the rest of his force to the banks of the Strewe. Before reaching the river, he ascertained that Rodolph was encamped on the opposite side. It now occurred to his unprincipled mind, that he might deprive his rival even of the warning which his open approach would give, by deputing a flag of truce to solicit a parley. The artifice succeeded. Scarcely had the deputation left the Saxon camp, before Henry began the attack. Unprepared for this treacherous movement, Rodolph had barely time to form his ranks and address a few words of encouragement to his troops. He was answered with a shout that attested the eagerness of his soldiers for the fray. Already the click of arms, the cries of the living and the groans of the dying, were heard along the line. The army of Rodolph was drawn up in two divisions:—one commanded by the king, the other by the valiant Otto of Nordheim. As the division of Otto was a little in the rear, that of the monarch was for a time exposed alone to the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. But nobly indeed was the brunt of the battle borne. Rodolph waited not the onset, but led on his columns to the charge. Then Suabian and Saxon darted forward shoulder to shoulder, and the lords of Hers and Stramen, side by side, shouted their battle-cries and hurled their followers upon the opposing ranks.

Such was the ardor inspired by Rodolph that, at the first shock, two of Henry's columns were broken. But this advantage did not long avail against equal courage and superior numbers. Henry was at the head of the finest troops in the empire. But the consciousness of the sacredness of their cause made the soldiers of Rodolph invincible. Already Eberard le Barbu, the faithful counsellor of Henry, the count of Henneberg, Thibalt and Henry of Lechsgemund, had fallen around their lord. At this moment some bishops, retiring from the ranks of Rodolph, communicated a panic to those around them. It was in vain that Rodolph displayed the brilliant valor that had won him the name of the first knight of the times,—that the lord of Hers put forth his utmost skill, and the baron of Stramen displayed his unrivalled strength. Menace and entreaty failed alike, nor could example or reproach recall the fugitives.

"Why does not Otto advance!" exclaimed Rodolph, who, by dint of almost superhuman exertion, had preserved his front still unbroken. "Unless I am supported within a minute, the battle is lost."

Hardly had the words escaped his lips, before the war-cry of Saxony—"*St. Peter! St. Peter!*" burst from three thousand throats, and the noble Otto, and the Count Palatine Frederick, could be seen leading on their troops all fresh and panting for the fight. Borne down by this vigorous assault, the pursuing column fell back in confusion and were routed with great slaughter. Rodolph, having rallied his men, rushed on to where the imperial standard was waving, and with his own hand cut down the banner of his rival. A cry now arose—"Henry is dead!" Dispirited and borne down, the troops of Henry turned and fled in confusion. They were pursued up to the gates of Wurtzburg, where the vanquished monarch found an asylum. The Saxons passed the night on the battle field amid hymns of praise and cries of joy.

In the morning Rodolph, from his inferiority, being unable to pursue his victory, reëntered Merseburg in triumph; and Henry, unwilling to hazard another engagement, fell back upon Ratisbonn to levy new troops.

Thus ended the battle of Melrichstadt; all night the waters of the Strewe, as they glided carelessly along, were red with the noblest blood in Germany.

Some hours after nightfall, when all the requisite precautions against surprise had been taken, Gilbert de Hers, unharmed, but worn out by the fatigues of the day, retired to his father's tent. He was alone, for the lord of Hers was in council with the king. It was a sultry night in August, and stripping off his armor, he threw himself upon a couch and gazed languidly but steadily at the flickering watch-fires. He had been knighted on the field by the king, and had nobly won his spurs, but his thoughts were evidently not running on his own prowess or the praises of his monarch. A listless calm had succeeded his late excitement. His meditations were rather rudely interrupted by the entrance of a man who dashed aside the curtains of his tent and pressed the young noble's hand to his lips.

"Humbert!" exclaimed the astonished youth, springing to his feet; and embracing his trusty follower, he poured forth question upon question with such rapidity that Humbert did not even attempt a reply. When Gilbert had composed himself sufficiently to listen, the gallant retainer began to relate all that had occurred at the lordship of Stramen. Gilbert listened mute and breathless until informed of the Lady Margaret's safe arrival and princely reception at the fortress of Tubingen. Then, forgetting his rank in his joy and gratitude, he threw his arms around his companion's neck and forced into his hands the chain of gold which had nearly proved fatal to him at the tournament.

"The morning after our arrival at Tubingen," resumed Humbert.

"Yes—go on!" said the youth, who,

not until then, had reflected upon the danger of her position, even at Tubingen, and was eagerly drinking in the words of his companion.

"The morning after our arrival we saw Henry's whole army drawn out in the plain. We were summoned to surrender. The noble count replied,—"A Montfort holds no parley with a perjured king and false knight." Instantly we were furiously assaulted on all sides. But the defences were complete and completely manned, and they fell back foiled at every point. For three long days we held the barbacan against their united efforts. On the morning of the fourth they began to retire, and before sunset we were left without an enemy. When I found that my services were no longer required, I determined to return to Hers and then seek you here."

"Had the Lady Margaret recovered from her fright and fatigue?" asked the youth.

"With the exception of a slight cough, brought on, I suppose, by the rain."

Gilbert's next question related to his paternal estate.

"The chapel stands uninjured," said Humbert.

"And the castle?"

"The blackened walls alone remain!"

"We shall be avenged!" cried the young knight, drawing a deep breath. "How was the chapel preserved?"

"Numbers of women and children had fled there for protection, and our good Father Herman, standing in the doorway, told the miscreants they must pass over his body. He would have fallen a victim to his zeal, had not the Duke Godfrey de Bouillon, interposed and driven back his soldiers with loud reproaches."

"Where is Herman now?"

"Among his poor flock, who have lost almost all—endeavoring to procure them food and shelter, and exhorting them to patience and submission to the will of God."

"How fared Stramen Castle?"

"Even worse than your own."

"And the church?" continued Gilbert.

"Was despoiled and fired."

At this instant the curtain of the tent was parted again, and Father Omehr stood before them.

When informed of the fate of his church, the missionary calmly raised his eyes to heaven and repeated, in a clear, steady voice, those sublime words—

"The Lord has given and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

But when apprised of the position of his parishioners, who must inevitably have perished from the oldest to the youngest, the old man bent his head upon his breast, and, pressing his hands to his face, wept bitterly. He soon recovered his habitual resignation, and then turning to Gilbert, said mournfully,——

"Do you see, my son, that God is *beginning* to punish our feud?"

Immediately after his victory, Rodolph despatched messengers to the pope to give him the intelligence and implore him to recognise the king in the victor.

We always approach with veneration and extreme diffidence the character of this mighty man. It is difficult indeed to form an adequate idea of his moral grandeur. The better you study his views, the more you are astonished at his wisdom and foresight;—the deeper your scrutiny of his motives, the higher your respect for his sanctity. His was an age of transition. The great question was still undecided—shall liberty or tyranny prevail—barbarism or civilization? This question depended upon the answer to another—shall the church of God be free or become the creature of temporal power? Already William the conqueror and Henry of Austria were trying to fetter the spouse of Christ—already the gulf was opening that threatened spiritual Rome with destruction. Then it was that Gregory VII saved the church as Curtius saved the city; but whilst the pagan has been raised to the skies, the Christian has been insulted and belied. Never can we sufficiently

contemplate the spectacle of one man contending against the world! Not a chieftain at the head of an army subduing kingdom after kingdom, but a priest, without a carnal weapon, resisting a continent combined at once to crush him, and finally vanquishing by his death. Uninspired by ambition, assailed by every earthly motive, God alone could have directed and God only could have upheld him. The emperor of Austria had sworn to depose him, the Italians promised to assist his antagonist. With scarce a footing in Germany or Italy, cooped up on a barren peak, he wrestled with the haughty conqueror of England, humbled the pride of Nicephorus Botoniates who had usurped from Michael Paripinasses the empire of the east, and deposed Guibert the guilty bishop of Ravenna. Yet amid these cares, such as human shoulders never knew before or since, he forgot not the objects to which he had dedicated his life —the punishment of simony and the preservation of ecclesiastical purity. It was in the attainment of these, that he arrayed kingdoms against him and died in exile at Salerno. Harassed and chained down as he was, the councils of Anse, Clermont, Dijon, Autun, Poictiers and Lyons, were thundering against simony and incontinency.

It would be presumptuous to offer a word in defence of the conduct of such a man, had not his actions been so grievously mistated, and his aims so ungenerously misinterpreted. It were as well to point out the sun when the eye is dazzled by its brightness.

Gregory received Rodolph's envoys with every mark of affection, but dismissed them, saying he could not comply with their request. The pontiff's object was to keep royalty within its legitimate sphere, not to depose a particular king; and he wished to accomplish this with as little bloodshed as possible. He saw clearly enough that to declare for Rodolph would be to proclaim war to the knife. He also hoped that Henry would have recourse to his mediation after his defeat. He was again disappointed. His very friends now began to desert him, upbraiding him with ingratitude and coldness. The Saxons addressed him several epistles in which they threatened to abandon him. But less moved by their threats than their entreaties, the pontiff accused them of weakness and insolence. There was another reason sufficient to deter him from confirming the nomination of Rodolph, had none other opposed it. All Italy, with few exceptions, espoused the cause of Henry, and waited only the pontifical coronation of his rival, to rise in open rebellion. When the history of the times is carefully studied, it will be confessed that the pope's refusal to accede to Rodolph's request, was dictated by the greatest wisdom, enlightened and purified by the greatest virtue and forbearance.

Still hoping to arrest the purple tide of civil war, Gregory despatched legate after legate to Henry, charging them to omit no lawful means to incline the monarch to peace, and induce him to abide by the decision of a diet which should be convened to judge between him and his rival. This was the pacific adjustment to which the pontiff looked. But Henry remained deaf to all these remonstrances, constantly declaring that the sword alone must decide. He was again at the head of a powerful army, and burned to retrieve the lustre of his arms. Rodolph perceiving that another battle was inevitable, prepared for it without delay. Each king was now in quest of the other.

They met near Fladenheim in Thuringia. As at Melrichstadt, the allied forces of Suabia and Saxony were drawn up in two divisions under Rodolph and Otto. The former occupied a steep hill on the bank of a deep stream, which separated the combatants. Otto with his Saxons were stationed in the van, and were to sustain the attack, whilst the division of Rodolph was to act as a reserve. It was a bitter cold day in January, and a thick mist had canopied the river. Under cover

of this, Henry, by a retrograde movement, gained the rear of his adversary. Rodolph, unconscious of this, was anxiously listening for the din of battle as the fog partially obscured his view. Gilbert had never seen the new king's noble brow so calm and unclouded,—he had never seen his eye flash so proudly and joyously, or the same sweet, buoyant smile upon his lips. But as the hostile army filed out into the plain, and Rodolph found that the enemy he had expected in front was in his rear, a deep frown for a moment dispelled his smiles. It was only for a moment. He saw that Henry was now between him and Otto.

"Ride to my noble Otto," he said to Gilbert, who was at his side, "and bid him charge at once."

Before Rodolph had altered his array, Gilbert brought back the Saxon's answer.

"Otto of Nordheim declines to abandon the advantages of his position, and says he will not fail you, should you require his assistance."

"It is well," said the king, frowning slightly, "he will not fail us." Then turning to Albert of Hers, he said in a whisper,—"Otto wishes the glory of deciding the day as at Melrichstadt. Let us try that he may obtain the laurel of victory instead of the odium of defeat. Gentlemen!" he said in a loud voice, exchanging cheerful smiles with the Suabian nobles around him—"you have now an opportunity of meeting face to face the desolaters of your country. Soldiers!" he said, mingling among his troops, "there are the Bohemians who butchered your wives and families!" As the whole body clamored for the signal to begin, Rodolph gave the word, and the chivalry and yeomanry of Suabia swept rapidly down the hill. They were met at the base by the whole army of Henry. Still, nothing daunted, Rodolph displayed his impetuous valor, the lords of Hers and Stramen rushed on the destroyers of their castles, and Gilbert and Henry fought side by side, each trying to outstrip the other. At this moment, as Rodolph was tugging at his lance to draw it from the body of a knight he had pierced, it was seized by Vratislaus, duke of Bohemia. As Vratislaus put forth all his strength to disarm his antagonist, Rodolph suddenly yielded up the weapon, and as the duke staggered back, sprang upon him with his sword. Timely succor alone saved the Bohemian.

"He will be rewarded for capturing my lance!" said Rodolph, calmly, "Had not his friends been so fleet, he might have had his recompense in another world."

But the Suabians opposed to three times their number were beginning to retreat, when Otto of Nordheim, true to his word, emerged from the mist and fell upon the enemy's flank.

"Well done, thou Saxon eagle!" exclaimed Rodolph eagerly, seeing the discomfited foe staggering before this unexpected and vigorous attack. "Henry of Stramen, ride to the duke, and tell him he has won the day!"

Rodolph surrounded by some of his barons, amongst whom were the lords of Hers and Stramen and Gilbert, was posted upon a little knoll watching the progress of the fight, when Henry returned with Otto's acknowledgments to the king.

"Sire!" said Albert of Hers, riding up to the monarch, "your cunning rival there has profited by this mist, and I think we may now turn it to our account."

"How?" asked the king.

"The enemy has left his camp in our rear—we may cross the river unperceived and surprise it. Give me five hundred men and I will not leave him as much as would satisfy a peasant."

Rodolph instantly acceded to the request and commanded the baron of Stramen to assist in the enterprise. Though somewhat loth to unite in any undertaking with his sworn enemy, Sir Sandrat had learned to subdue his personal prejudices for the welfare of Germany. And perhaps his desire to avenge his recent wrongs overpowered his aversion to the author of older injuries. He readily assented, and

now, united for once, the emulous clans of Hers and Stramen moved rapidly across the ice on their chivalrous mission. By a well executed movement they came unperceived upon the guard. No quarter was given there: scarce a hostile soldier escaped. Sir Albert bade his men spare not the cowards whose swords were red with the blood of babes and mothers. Sir Sandrat at the top of his voice shouted—"Remember the castle!" Henry and Gilbert unrelentingly pursued the terrorstricken fugitives. When they returned to the captured camp, every article of luxury was gone. The vessels of gold and silver, which the patriarch of Aquilea and many of the other nobles had brought to grace the revels of their king, were now in the hands of the rough victors, who brandished the precious goblets in the air, crying "Death to the spoiler of Suabia!" The purple curtains torn into shreds were trailed in the clotted gore and dust. Before many minutes the pillage was as complete as the surprise. When nothing remained to slay or plunder, the barons gave the signal to retreat, and they repassed the ice. Had they remained an instant longer, Henry IV would have fallen into their hands; for hardly had they left, before the monarch, flying from the battle-field, conducted by a guide named Louis, entered his ruined camp.

The battle was over when the detachment reached the scene of action. Folkmar governor of Prague had fallen, Henry had fled, and the Bohemians were routed with prodigious slaughter. The fugitives rallied under the walls of Wartburg. But they were speedily dispersed and pursued, until nightfall saved them from further molestation.

"The mist of Fladenheim is clearing away," said Rodolph, pointing to the setting sun, which now broke out in unclouded splendor, as the fog vanished before a strong north wind. That day was like his life, most brilliant at its close. Otto now advanced, and the two monarchs embraced with mutual affection and esteem. Whatever rivalry there might be between them, was forgotten in success.

Henry retired into Franconia and dismissed his army, and Rodolph again solicited the pope to confirm his election.

The news of these victories imparted some consolation to the lady Margaret's breast, now torn with anxiety and solicitude. Her grief was not lightened because her own misfortunes were avenged in Henry's adversity, but because the chances of peace were increased by Rodolph's success. She was now incapable of relishing revenge. The feudal antipathies so long nourished and so early instilled as to be almost a part of her existence, were entirely eradicated. From the evening of her interview with father Omehr, before the now ruined church of the Nativity, she had dedicated her life to the extinguishment of the feud between the houses of Hers and Stramen. For this she had prayed, for this she had toiled. But her labors were interrupted by the harsh music of war, by gong and tymbalon. What could she do now? Nothing. Nothing? When she knelt before the altar at Tubingen before the sun had risen, and the countess of Montfort felt as if she had given shelter to an angel, was she doing nothing? When she lingered in the oratory of our Blessed Mother long after the sun had set, and the menials passed by on tiptoe, lest they should mar the celestial expression of her face, was she doing nothing?—There had come a deeper lustre still into the lady Margaret's eye, and the blush on her cheek mingled not so freely with the pure white in which it was cradled. Perhaps her head was not so erect—perhaps the line of the back had lost in firmness what it gained in grace. Already the men and women of Montfort had learned to love and bless her, and as she passed among them serenely and silently like a spirit of light, and as they marked the strange transparency of her features, they would salute her with a feeling in which awe prevailed, and after thoughtfully gazing at her awhile, trans-

fer their glance to the skies. The lady of Montfort loved to hear the maiden sweetly singing the *Salve Regina,* for which Humbert had invented or selected a melody of singular beauty,—but often when the hymn was concluded the countess' cheeks would be bathed in tears, and she would fold the lady Margaret in her arms and gaze up earnestly into her face.

Gilbert! Gilbert! come read this face of more than earthly beauty!—See if the words that haunt you are chiselled there!

MEMOIR OF THE REV. ANTHONY REY, S. J.

VICE PRESIDENT OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE AND CHAPLAIN IN THE U. STATES ARMY.

BY JAMES WYNNE, M. D.

For the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

WHEN St. Ignatius of Loyola, in the sixteenth century, founded the society of Jesuits, his sole, undivided aim appears to have been, to infuse into his followers the desire of conciliating heaven by the good they were enabled to perform towards mankind while upon earth. For the purpose of attaining this object, he sought, by means of the diffusion of learning and the establishment of religious missions, to elevate the intellectual and spiritual condition of the human family, and by making men wiser and happier, render them more worthy recipients of those blessings which heaven scatters with so profuse a bounty around the pathway of the just. His mission, bounded by no country, was coëxtensive with the objects of religion itself, and extended to the farthest limits of the habitable globe. Wherever a society was to found, which needed the enlightenment of intellectual or religious culture, the society of Jesuits sought it out as a fit field for its untiring and self sacrificing labors, and, so far as its numbers permitted, attempted to encompass the whole wide range of human society. In each individual it saw a brother and an object of solicitude and, the more benighted his pathway, the more ardently did he appeal to its sympathies, and demand its kind offices.

Such were the intentions of St. Ignatius and those earliest associated with him in the formation of this society, and such the motives which induced Pope Paul III to establish it in the most solemn manner on the 27th September, 1540. St. Ignatius laid down as the primary maxims to regulate his young society, that their first duty was to save their own souls, their second, to labor for the salvation and perfection of mankind, by catechising the ignorant, and by instructing youth in piety and learning, and their third, to establish missions.

"He appointed no other habit than that used by the clergy in his time, the more decently and courteously to converse with all ranks of people, and because he instituted an order only of regular clerks. He ordered all, before admitted, to employ a month for a general confession and a spiritual exercise. After this, two years in a novitiate, then to take the simple vows of scholars, binding themselves to poverty, chastity and obedience, which vows make them strictly religious men, for by them a person in this order irrevocably consecrated himself to God on his side, though the order does not bind itself absolutely to him, and the general has

power to dismiss him, by which discharge he is freed from all obligation to the society, his first vows being made under this condition. These simple vows are only made in presence of domestics. The professed Jesuits make these same vows again, (commonly after all their studies), but publicly and without the former condition, so that these second are solemn vows, absolutely binding on both sides, wherefore a professed Jesuit can be no more dismissed by his order so as to be discharged from his obligations by which he is tied to it. In these last is added a fourth vow, of undertaking any mission, whether among the faithful or infidels, if enjoined them by the pope. There is a class of Jesuits who take the other vows without this last relating to missions, and these are called spiritual coadjutors. So this order consists of four sorts of persons, scholars or Jesuits of the first vows; professed Jesuits, or of the last, or four vows; spiritual coadjutors, and temporal coadjutors."*

Thus organized, this society, at an early period in its history, sent that brilliant scholar and devout divine, St. Francis Xavier, as a missionary into the East Indies, where his labors were crowned with such eminent success, as to win for him the proud title of the APOSTLE OF THE INDIES. Gonzales and Nugnez, on similar missions, took up their abode in the kingdom of Morocco, while others penetrated remote portions of Abyssinia and China, and crossing the broad Atlantic, diffused themselves through the French provinces of North, and the Spanish and Portuguese settlements of South America. At a later period we find its members the pioneers of civilization in the United States, the first to explore and describe the now populous valley watered by the Mississippi and its tributaries, and the first to familiarize with the white man, by acts of kindness and benevolence, those Indian tribes, who presented such a formidable and dangerous barrier to our newly formed settlements. Coeval with the formation of the colony of Maryland, the Jesuit fathers, who accompanied the first colonists, planted the standard of the cross upon the bank of the broad Potomac, then reposing in quiet beauty in the midst of its virgin forest, and coöperated with Lord Baltimore, in rearing the first altar to civil and religious freedom within the limits of the then colonies of Great Britain.

But the members of this society did not diffuse themselves over the old world and the new in their sacerdotal character alone, for whilst with one hand they presented to those among whom they came the truths of a holy religion, with the other, they held on high the blazing torch of science, and both the eastern and western continents are indebted to them for many of their earliest and most useful literary institutions. St. Francis Xavier in Asia, and F. Simon Rodriguez in South America, two of the first nine companions of St. Ignatius, founded colleges, which tended greatly to the diffusion of religion as well as science in those then distant and dark parts of the earth. Nor were these intellectual labors confined to the extreme limits of civilization, but Europe is covered with universities founded by the Jesuits at a period when the impulse given to letters had scarcely begun to be felt, and Spain, Portugal, France, Italy and Germany, trace the origin of many of their noblest institutions of learning to the zeal and energy of the members of this society in the first century of its existence.

Whilst it thus encouraged science, and every department of literature found in it a warm patron and a devoted promoter, it taught its members to bear the honors which the possession of varied and extensive knowledge conferred upon them, with the utmost humility, and not only to shun all vain and pedantic display, but to fly from the rewards of mankind, as inimical to the intentions of the society, and calculated to divert them from their disinterested pursuits.

* Life of St. Ignatius.

This restriction, founded in the most consummate judgment, was soon called into action for its benevolent purposes, and its means of accomplishing them became so manifest, that it grew into the highest esteem with the rulers of the European nations, each of whom, not only sought its services, but endeavored to bestow the most distinguished honors upon its members. King Ferdinand having nominated F. Cladius Le Jay, while at Trent, for bishop of Trieste, the latter, on the receipt of the news, wrote to St. Ignatius, beseeching him to use his influence to prevent his appointment. St. Ignatius urged the king to desist from his intention, and likewise procured from the pope, on this occasion, what he deemed a great privilege, an exclusion from all ecclesiastical dignities for the members of his society. He now caused all its members to bind themselves never to seek after prelacies, and to refuse them when offered, except when compelled to accept them by special direction of the pope. He thus effectually closed the door against all ambitious designs, and, to use his own language, was enabled to preserve his society "in a spirit of humility and poverty." Had the illustrious founder of this order been an ambitious man, the favor into which this society thus early grew with the powerful rulers of nations, would have furnished him the means of gratifying its wildest flights, and he might easily have raised himself and his companions to the most exalted ecclesiastical and civil dignities, but it is easy to see that such a course would have terminated for ever the existence of the society. It grew and flourished by withdrawing from all these proffered honors, and St. Ignatius, by his very humility, won for himself an exalted niche in the temple of fame, and for his society a field of usefulness, which its most bitter enemies have never denied its ability to occupy.

What the society of the Jesuits was in the days of its founder, it has continued to be in all succeeding ages, notwithstanding the opposition it has met with, both from within and without the church, and it presents itself to our consideration, in the nineteenth century, as an important element of human society, clothed in all the praiseworthy and ennobling attributes which won for it such esteem in its earlier years. Wherever nations have been converted to Christianity, wherever science has diffused its genial rays, or civil liberty elevated the condition of the human family, the Jesuits have ever been found among the most ardent and efficient laborers in the production of such desirable results.

It furnished, therefore, no matter of surprise, that when, in defence of what the American nation conceived to be its just rights, collision with the Mexicans became inevitable, this society should have furnished two individuals, to minister the consolations of religion to those who might die on the field of battle, or under the influence of a stranger clime. It is the purpose of the writer, in these pages, to pay a feeble tribute to the memory of one of these individuals, who lived and died so worthy of that society, which his exemplary virtues adorned. This individual was Rev. Anthony Rey.

Father Anthony Rey was born in the city of Lyons, France, on the 19th day of March, 1807, of respectable parentage. It was destined, however, that the place of his birth should not long be the theatre of his actions, for, at an early age, his residence was transferred to the wild and romantic scenery of Switzerland, where, in a small town, in this Alpine region, under the kind protection of a fond uncle, with whom he resided, he commenced to fit himself for mercantile pursuits, but the exhibition of superior intellectual faculties determined his relative, in unison with his own inclinations, to allow him a wider range for the development of his talents, and his destination was accordingly changed from the pursuit of traffic to the life of a student.

He left this second home to enter upon his collegiate exercises, but he did not

become alienated from the spot endeared to him by so many youthful reminiscences, and associated with so many acts of reciprocal affection. The mountain scenery of Switzerland is not easily forgotten by the stranger who passes hurriedly through it in search of the picturesque, too frequently without the sensibility to appreciate, or the heart to feel the full extent of its beauties; but the sensations excited in the mind of one who has spent those years in which the pulses thrill with keenest delight, and the heart is susceptible of its liveliest emotions, in the midst of its lofty precipices, its overhanging cliffs, its bounding cascades, its rugged dells, and its sequestered glades, cling to the memory with a tenacity which no after associations can sever, and ever present their bright pictures to the mind to heighten present enjoyment, or cast a shade over the joyfulness of the passing moment.

F. Rey possessed a mind acutely sensible to such impressions, and early drank in those inspirations which the Architect of the universe breathes into the hearts of those endowed with this acuteness of perception, through the beautiful objects so wonderfully accumulated in this remarkable land. It only needed these external circumstances to give that direction to his thoughts which pointed out to him, and to his relative, the path he was destined to pursue through life, in which neither appears to have been tardy in following the dictates of this better judgment.

He was accordingly placed by his uncle in the college, under the direction of the society of Jesus, at Fribourg, a place not only noted as one of the most considerable towns in Switzerland, but likewise celebrated in this connexion, as the spot where Peter Canisius, one of the original members of the society of Jesuits, died, distinguished for his piety and great learning. He here made great proficiency in his studies, and was from the beginning of his collegiate life celebrated for two things, viz: his exemplary and systematic mode of life, and his great diligence in application to study. These two causes soon placed him at the head of his classes, and won for him not only the good will of his fellow students, but the regard of his instructors, who saw in his rapid progress the germs of a high order of intellect, which it was their pleasure to foster and develope. His facility in the acquisition of the Greek and Latin languages was truly surprising, in which studies he had no superior, and but few equals among his classmates.

Long before the completion of his college course he had determined to embrace holy orders, and accordingly applied at its termination for admission into the society. This permission was granted to him, and he entered upon his novitiate 12th of November, 1827, and after the customary two years of probation in this capacity, required of those who desire to become members of this society, applied himself, under the direction of his superior, to the study of Philosophy, Theology, and other branches of sacred and scientific learning. If he had distinguished himself, whilst at college, for correctness of demeanor, and studious habits, this distinction was greatly eclipsed by the zeal and energy which characterised him in his new relations in life. He now considered himself as irrevocably attached to the service of his divine Master, and as his body and mind were given to this service, he considered no labor too severe, or perfection too great, to qualify him for the faithful discharge of his obligations. He was exact in fulfilling to the letter the discipline demanded by his order, and always made it a point of duty, rather to exceed than fall short of its requirements. His studies were prosecuted in the same spirit, and early led him to that exactness in research, which distinguished him in after life. The brief moments of this period, permitted for relaxation, were spent in endeavoring to meliorate the condition of the less favored of the human family, whom he looked upon with un-

common solicitude. This tender regard for mankind, and anxious desire to aid those who needed assistance, formed a distinguishing trait in his life, and first exhibited in him as a student, was only terminated by his untimely end, and in all the various functions he was afterwards called upon to fill, shone with such lustre in his actions as to draw upon him the blessings of the poor wherever he went.

After his ordination, his services were held in such esteem, that he was retained in the college at Fribourg in various capacities, and at the same time attended to arduous missionary duties. But although fully occupied, he yet cast his eyes with anxious solicitude across the Atlantic, and earnestly appealed to his superior for permission to leave a country amply supplied with religious instructors, that he might more effectually fulfil the purpose of his life in a land as yet insufficiently provided with priests of the Catholic persuasion. He here saw an almost boundless extent of territory, nearly equal to that of all Europe, in which the Catholic religion had been planted, and was flourishing in a manner calculated to inspire his heart with the liveliest emotions, and yet scarcely numbering as many Catholic clergymen as some of the smaller kingdoms in the interior of Europe. He, therefore, looked to America as a more congenial soil, because one requiring more labor in its culture, and hailed with great joy the permission given him, to take up his residence in this country.

He reached the United States in the year 1840, and shortly after his arrival, was appointed to the chair of metaphysics and ethics in Georgetown college, District of Columbia. This position he occupied with great advantage to the institution for three years, when he was transferred to Philadelphia to assist in the pastoral charge of St. Joseph's church. "In the same year, (1844) having completed the usual time of probation, and satisfied all the requirements of the society, he was admitted to the solemn profession in the highest grade of his order."* Whilst discharging the duties of his professorship in Georgetown college, he applied himself earnestly to the acquisition of the English language, and made such proficiency that he was enabled to preach in English in three months after his arrival in the country. That he was enabled to overcome, in a speedy manner, those difficulties which the English language presents, in a peculiar manner, to natives of other countries, by means of his energy of character and ardent application, is certainly true, but it is not less true, that the aptitude for the acquirement of language, which had given him so elevated a stand among his classmates while at college, assisted him greatly here, and rendered comparatively easy, what to most others would have been found exceedingly irksome.

This facility in the acquirement of language peculiarly fitted him for the discharge of his ecclesiastical functions in the United States. The Catholic church here, being augmented by emigration from other countries, as well as from interior causes, is necessarily one of many people and tongues, and the clergyman has frequent need of more than one language in which to communicate with his flock. F. Rey reached this country perfectly familiar with the French and German languages, and soon after became acquainted with the English. The opportunity thus afforded for exercising his benevolence in a more enlarged sphere, than with a more limited knowledge of language at his command, was always a source of great consolation to him, and furnished an ample reward for the toil spent in the attainment.

His services, as pastor of St. Joseph's church in Philadelphia, will long be remembered by those over whose spiritual welfare he ministered with unremitting care and anxious solicitude, and many a fond penitent, whose trembling steps

* Notes on F. Rey.

were guided in the paths of religion by his fatherly counsel, will drop a tear while kneeling at the altar of St. Joseph's, and breathe a prayer to heaven for him who was so exemplary in the varied relations of pastor and friend.

Nor is his memory engraven alone upon the hearts of the worshippers at this romantic chapel, but its interior tasty decorations tell the stranger of the exquisite taste which presided over its arrangement. As often as the writer visits Philadelphia he finds himself irresistibly attracted to this quiet little chapel by a thousand associations connected with bygone times, and as the twilight fades into evening he delights to linger within its walls and abandon himself to the dreamy musings which the hour and the place inspire. There is a charm in its connexion with a century which has past, in its perfect seclusion in the heart of a populous city, in its concealment by the lofty houses which surround and shut it out from the view, in its unpretending approach by a narrow alley, scarce ten feet wide, and above all in its chaste beauty within, which wins insensibly upon the mind, and renders it an object of deeper interest than the more spacious and pretending churches of that city. To F. Rey's zeal and good taste is it chiefly indebted for its present beautiful interior, and especially for its appropriate fresco paintings, executed, under his suggestions, by the celebrated Monnaguez, now in Italy. Among these a group of angels, above the altar of the Blessed Virgin, is, perhaps, the choicest specimen of this kind of painting in the United States. The principal figure in this group is so exquisitely moulded, that the artist must have personified in it his ideal of earthly and angelic beauty.

He was recalled from the pastoral charge of St. Joseph's, amid the regrets of his entire congregation in the year 1845, to fill the position of assistant to the Very Rev. Fr. Ver Hagen, the present provincial of the province of Maryland, and returned to Georgetown college, at which place the Rev. provincial principally resides. In addition to this duty, he received in the following year the appointment of vice president of Georgetown college, and likewise officiated as one of the pastors of Trinity church, Georgetown. Besides these responsible positions, he occupied the office of superior of the scholastics. When it is considered that the office of assistant to the provincial would furnish ample employment for most individuals, it may very easily be seen that he did not court or indulge in a life of indolence. Indeed the various duties incumbent upon him from his several positions, were only accomplished by an adherence to the most regular and exact disposition of his time, so that each hour had its appropriate occupation.

Of all the various duties performed by him at this period, next to those of assistant to the provincial, none exceeded in importance, or occupied a larger share of his attention, than those connected with his position as superior of the scholastics. In this capacity he was called upon to give a proper direction to the studies and thoughts of those who like himself had determined to devote their lives to religion, and as these were destined to exercise a considerable influence for good or for evil upon this holy cause, he lost no opportunity of impressing upon them the importance of the high functions they had assumed, and the dread responsibilities they incurred. His teachings to them, although at times savoring of an austerity peculiar to his character, were fraught with wisdom, and in his life he presented the best of all lessons, a model of Christian excellence. Among all these multifarious occupations he found time to conduct retreats in various portions of the country, and was so indefatigable and zealous on such occasions, as to win for himself a reputation but little inferior to that of his venerable companion in Mexico, Father McElroy. So great was his energy of character, and so untiring his industry,

that he was enabled to perform with apparent ease the most diverse occupations, and was frequently heard to make the declaration, "*that he had never yet learned that he had too much to do.*"

When the dark cloud which brooded over the relations between the United States and Mexico appeared to be on the point of dissolving itself into an open rupture, the soldiers composing our regular army, about one-half of whom were Catholics, requested permission to be accompanied by clergymen of that persuasion, to which request the President of the United States assented, and caused the officers of Georgetown college to be consulted as to the most suitable persons to fill the position contemplated in the army. The result of this conference was, that Fathers McElroy and Rey were recommended to the President as fit individuals to discharge this duty, and shortly after they received appointments as chaplains in the United States army.

Father Rey with his usual humility accepted the appointment proffered to him, and relinquishing his various positions at Georgetown, hastened to the scene where his services appeared to be most needed. In recommending him for this appointment, the Rev. provincial appears to have entertained a just appreciation of his character, which indeed a long and familiar intercourse had fully made known to him, and not to have over-estimated the zeal and devotion to the cause of humanity which burned with such lustre in the heart of this genuine disciple of Christ,—a devotion that shone with such brightness in his subsequent short but eventful career, as to cast a lustre over the most brilliant achievements attained by our arms in the sanguinary battles fought on the fields of Mexico.

He received his appointment to the chaplaincy in May, 1846, and lost no time in repairing to the seat of his future labors. He joined the army at Matamoras, shortly after the memorable engagements of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and having reported himself to General Taylor, then in command of our forces in Mexico, received a place in his staff, to which he continued attached till his decease. From the commencement of his acquaintance with this distinguished officer, he enjoyed in a high degree his esteem and confidence, and during their brief sojourn together, when not engaged in official duties, it was the custom of Gen'l Taylor to seat himself in the open air in front of his tent, and while away the hours of listless inaction, which frequently occurred in the necessarily slow movements of our army in an enemy's country, in philosophic discourse with this *learned Jesuit father.*

No one was more capable of justly estimating the character of those with whom he was placed in contact, than Gen'l Taylor, and no one was more ready than he to admire noble and generous actions. Simple even to plainness in his habits and appearance, without the least display of ostentation, or apparent desire to attract attention to himself, he was nevertheless possessed by nature of a mind endowed with keen and strong perceptions, capable of vigorous thought, and trained by study to deep philosophical inquiry. He early learned to admire the noble disinterestedness that prompted the actions of Father *Rey,* who, although possessed of high intellectual qualifications and learning, was, like that distinguished officer, entirely devoid of ostentation, and while one moment found him unfolding the mysteries of science to the commanding general, the next disclosed him seated by the humble soldier, engaged in endeavoring to soothe his perturbed spirit on a sick or dying bed. In all positions he was at home, and in all free from vain display. To the suffering soldier he brought a smile as bland, a word as gentle, as to the highest officer in command. All felt that in him they had found a friend, and all cheerfully welcomed his approach.

In his ecclesiastical duties he was zealous and untiring. While the army was

progressing through the country, and was obliged, as frequently occurred, to encamp on the open plain, one of his first objects on halting was to prepare a fit place for the sacrifice of mass, frequently within his tent. In this way he consecrated to religion many a spot on the soil of Mexico, which had perchance before been desecrated by the lawless acts of the hordes of banditti, which infest, and cast their withering blight over this beautiful land. While busied in attending to his occupations as a chaplain, he yet found time to obtain a knowledge of the Spanish language, and not content with dispensing his benefits among his own people, sought out among the Mexicans such as needed his aid, which he cheerfully bestowed, "and many a dying Mexican has thus been enabled to make his peace with God through the instrumentality of an American chaplain."*

But it remained for the fearful moment of battle fully to develope the disinterested courage and lofty zeal which animated this holy man. Those who were present at the siege of MONTEREY will long remember the fearless bearing of this minister of God, as he made his way through the streets of that city, slippery with human blood, and covered with the wounded and the dying,—while the cannon was belching forth its destructive fire, and the dread missiles of war were felling to the earth whole columns of those who were marching into the very jaws of death,—apparently forgetful of personal danger, engaged in directing the thoughts of the wounded to heaven, and soothing the agitation of the fast ebbing spirit, about to take its flight into the dread presence of its Maker.

The following sketch contains so deserved and eloquent a tribute to his memory, that its insertion here requires no apology:

"We saw it announced, several weeks since, that this holy man had been barbarously murdered by those rascally brigands, the 'Rancheros,' of the neighborhood of Monterey. We read the account with emotions of the most marked character, for we had heard more than one of the 'Butler Boys' relate incidents connected with his history in Mexico, and especially at Monterey, that, in our opinion, at least, established his claim to a meed of honor equal to that won by any other man on that bloody scene. It is related of him, that during the fiercest of the fight, when a part of the first Ohio had been led through a most destructive fire from the enemy's forts and barricades, into the streets of the town,—where men fell before the death-storm like leaves before the winter blast, and vainly strove to find a foe on whom to wreak their vengeance—that at this critical moment, when the shot from the Mexican cannon was raking the streets as the aroused hurricane sweeps the deep gorges of the mountain-pass, covering the rough pavement with the dead and dying,—this good servant of God was seen moving like the spirit of mercy amidst the scene of strife, administering to the wants of the mangled warrior who in the excitement of battle was forgotten by his comrades—directing the eye about to close in death towards that world where the din of arms is never heard, and sealing with the emblem of God's great sacrifice for man's salvation the cold lips and dimmed vision of the dead.

"The bulletins of your generals and the glowing eulogiums of letter writers on particular deeds of daring, present no examples of heroism superior to this. That Jesuit priest thus coolly, bravely, and all unarmed, walking among bursting shells, over the slippery streets of Monterey, and to the battle-storm and iron-steel that beat the stoutest, bravest soldier down, presenting no instrument of 'carnal warfare,' and holding aloft instead of true and trusty steel that flashed the gleam of battle back, a simple MINIATURE CROSS, and thus armed and equipped defying danger, presents, to my mind, the most sublime instance of the triumph of the

* Notes on Fr. Rey.

moral over the physical man, and is an exhibition of courage of the highest character. It is equal to, if not beyond, any thing witnessed during that terrible siege."

Who after the exhibition of a courage so lofty as this, can deny that he was actuated by the most disinterested and exalted devotion to the cause of humanity, —who will dare to question the integrity of the motives of him who shrank not from the cannon's mouth, in order to rescue a soul and direct it in its last earthly moments to its God and its final destiny? Who, with a proper appreciation of his character, will suspect him of having been capable of acting the part of a spy? This is not the exhibition of character displayed by him who is ready to fawn and cringe at the footstool of power and obey its will. What motive had he to act in such a capacity? Position?—he already filled many exalted ones. Occupation?—while at home he was more than occupied. Emolument?—his wants were few, and his order were abundantly able and willing to satisfy them—none of these motives so powerful with mankind could have operated with him, and were there no such evidences as his life presents, to falsify such an aspersion, his very freedom from the ordinary stimulants to ambition would furnish a sufficient denial to so unworthy and libellous an imputation.

After the siege of Monterey, he remained with the army in that city, devoting such moments as he could spare from his unwearied labors, in attendance on the sick and wounded, among the "ranchos" without the town. These "ranchos" are lines of indifferent huts, near, but without the city, and to be found about every place of any size in Mexico, inhabited by the lowest and most depraved portion of Mexican society. His endeavors to reclaim the half civilised dwellers in these huts were untiring, and frequently crowned with success. The confidence in his hold upon the friendship of this class of people, finally resulted in his violent death, at the hands of those he had gratuitously labored to benefit.

When Gen'l Scott was ordered to the principal command of the army in Mexico, a large proportion of the troops stationed at Monterey were ordered to join his command at Tampico. Shortly after the departure of these troops, Father Rey sat out from Monterey to visit Matamoras, on business connected with his position, and contrary to the advice of his friends was accompanied by a single servant; trusting to his clerical character, and the good opinion entertained of him by the Mexicans, to escape molestation. He reached Ceralvo in safety, at which place he celebrated mass, and delivered a discourse to an audience of Americans and Mexicans. The following morning he bade adieu to his friends and continued his journey. This was the last that was heard of him until his body was discovered a short distance from the town, robbed of its apparel, and bearing the marks of the lance wounds usually inflicted by the "rancheros." It was supposed that he met with death at the hands of a party of lancers under Cannales, a desperate captain of banditti, whose hand was as frequently raised against his own countrymen as their enemies, and who was known to be in the neighborhood. His remains were interred amid the tears and regrets of those to whom he was endeared by innumerable acts of kindness.

Thus died at his post, like a true soldier of the cross, Father Anthony Rey, in the forty-first year of his age; but he did not go down to his grave in a strange land unlamented or unmourned: the news of his untimely end came like a knell upon the hearts of those who had learned to appreciate his generous character, and cheeks that paled not amid the fierce storm of battle, changed with varying emotions at the recital of his barbarous murder. It is said that the gallant hero of Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista, wept when informed of the untimely fate of Father Rey.

He could witness his best and bravest companions fall on the battle field with scarce an emotion: he could see a Ringgold, a Watson, a Yell and a Clay sacrificed to the honor of their country, with no other demonstration of feeling than a shade of momentary sadness: but *Father Rey* died not like these—he carried no weapon of warfare—he boasted not in the strength of his arms, but his mission was one of peace—to the Mexicans he opposed no resistance, but kindly bestowed his services even on the enemies of his country. That a life thus unoffending, thus unresisting, thus devoted to the cause of humanity, should be so sacrificed, carried with it a sympathy far greater than that which attends the death of the warrior who dies where danger meets him, and where he is expected to do his duty. The gloom which pervaded the entire army, when the melancholy tidings of his death reached them, furnishes the strongest evidence of his faithfulness to the cause to which he had devoted his life, and breathes a more glowing eulogium than the most eloquent language can possibly convey.

For the U. S. C. Magazine.

HOW WILL HE COME?

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

Not on that hoar and awful hill,
  Where Israel's mighty leader stood,
Amidst the thunder's veiling cloud,
Wrapped in lightning's dazzling shroud,
  Receiving solemn laws from God.

Not there, though holy is the spot;
  And worlds seem gleaming o'er the waste
Where'er the desert mirage smiles;
While seen from all the hills defiles,
  The Red Sea's shining billows pass.

Not humbly in a manger laid;
  As once He came to Judah's land;
Incarnate God in human guise!
The Lamb foreseen by prophet eyes,
  To bear the stigma of earth's shame.

Nor where the dove o'er Jordan's flood
  Came brooding o'er the God-man's head,
Which dripping with baptismal dews,
Filled all the silent air with hues,
  Of glory, from the Father shed.

Or on thy brow, fair Olivet,
  That bore this pure imperial gem,
Which heard the sighs, and drank the tears,
That Jesus shed for future years,
  And faithless, sad Jerusalem!

Nor yet on Thabor's lofty height,
  Where erst the beatific day,
Of things celestial, lit the air,
And shone resplendently, and fair,
  Upon the lonely mountain way!

He will not come—oh Lord of love
  Remember all thy agony!—
Where with his fainting—failing breath,
He drained the chalice unto death,
  On thy dark altar, Calvary!

But filled with glory brighter far
  Than saint's or prophet's eye e'er saw,
Stern in avenging majesty
Throned on the stars that light the sky,
  He'll come a trembling world to awe.

Cherubic legions round his throne
  In glittering files will wait his nod;
While seraphs from each heavenly steep,
And angel cohorts downward sweep,
  T' adore the splendor of their God!

The lightning cloud, that veils the beam
  From the eternal centre bright,
The Virgin Mother, throned and calm
Amidst the blood-washed of the Lamb,
  And myriads clothed in shining white,

Will grace with beauty more serene,
  The solemn glory of his throne;
Where filed in gorgeous bands around,
The princely martyr's song will sound,
  Of "Glory to the Lamb alone!"

While Calvary, once so dark, and drear;
  Shall a new Thabor, gleaming stand,
Where every pang, and every wo
The God-man suffered there, shall glow
  Like suns, resplendent o'er the land.

While we—oh trembling—earth-stained soul!
  With Christ our judge—and Calvary!—
The thought, oh God of love, o'erwhelms
The soul—the mind, that vainly stems
  Such awful visions, after thee!

Then welcome pangs—grow bright ye tears!
  Be glorified on Calvary!
There planted on the blood-stained wound,
The angel ladder may be found
  Which bears us upwards, Lord, to thee!

Baltimore, Sept. 10, 1847.

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Ordination.*—An ordination was held by the Most Rev. Archbishop on the 2d of September, in the chapel of St. Mary's Seminary, when Messrs. Edgar P. P. Wadhams, Francis Boyle, Henry Parke, Edward O'Brien, Bernard McManus, John McNally and Thomas W. McLeery received the holy tonsure; and Messrs. Stephen Huber, Edward Caton and Peter Linehan were promoted to the minor orders.

Confirmation.—Sept. 12, the M. Rev. Archbishop administered this sacrament in St. Matthew's church, Washington city, to one hundred and ninety-two persons, thirty of whom were converts, and on the 19th at White Marsh, Prince George's county, to 74, of whom one half were converts.

A New Archbishopric.—Official intelligence has been received in Baltimore, that the city of St. Louis, Mo., has been elevated to the rank of an archiepiscopal see. Its suffragan sees, however, will not be determined before the next provincial council of Baltimore.

Sixth Provincial Council.—We learn that the acts and decrees of the Sixth Provincial Council of Baltimore, will be published, in pamphlet form, early in October.

Ecclesiastical Changes.—The Rev. Mr. Neumann, of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, has been appointed superior of this order in the United States, in place of the V. Rev. P. Chakert, who, with another Redemptorist, is on his way to the diocess of New Orleans.

Free Schools of the Redemptorists.—We regard the establishment of the disciples of St. Alphonso Ligouri in the diocess of Maryland as a most auspicious event for its spiritual interests. The piety, zeal, and success of this excellent order has won the admiration and applause of all good men. Under its fostering care several beautiful churches have already sprung up through the diocess, whose members have been organised into sodalities and other pious and humane associations. Nothing is more remarkable among the several congregations under their charge, than the religious fervor they each manifest, and the edification they give to the rest of their brethren. Every Catholic takes delight while descanting on the beauties of the church of St. Alphonso in Baltimore, to reckon as its greatest, the decorum of its members during divine service. But what we principally designed in this notice, was to call the attention of the public to the new school-house now in process of completion, under the direction of the Redemptorists, in Saratoga street, directly opposite their beautiful church. This building is four stories high, having a front of thirty-three feet and a depth of sixty. It is constructed with considerable taste, with a niche in the centre of the third story in which is to be placed a statue of St. Alphonso Ligouri. This school is so arranged, as to accommodate male and female scholars with separate rooms, and already counts large classes of German children of both sexes. Besides this institution, the Redemptorists have under their care an extensive school on Fell's Point, and another in Aisquith street, attached to St. James' church.

Spiritual Retreat.—Messrs. Editors: The spiritual retreat lately held at Ellicott's Mills has been productive of the most happy results. Among its effects we record the conversion of six Protestants, and the return to their duties of several who had for long years neglected the reception of the sacraments. We are not allowed to say all, but we state with confidence that extraordinary signs of the mercy of God have been witnessed. Many a heart has been wounded by the sword of the word of God, and we look with assured hope for new conversions, and increased effects of divine grace. This news, we trust, will edify the readers of the Magazine, will prompt them to unite with us in thanksgiving to God, and reconcile some individuals to the short absence of their pastor when engaged in the most meritorious labors of a spiritual retreat.

ELLICOTT'S MILLS, Md., Sept. 21.

Rev. C. C. Brennan.—With sincere pleasure we make room for the following correspondence between the Rev. C. C. Brennan and a committee of his "friends attached to St. Vincent's" church, Baltimore, of which for a short time he was assistant pastor. We are sure all good Catholics must feel gratified to witness such kind manifestations of regard between

pastor and flock as are developed by the annexed letters. Such testimonials, while they are flattering to the feelings of a pastor, are evidences of a right spirit on the part of those from whom they come.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 21st, 1847.

Rev. and Dear Sir.—It is our pleasing duty to present you with this elegant stole, in behalf of your friends attached to St. Vincent's.

It was prepared by them in anticipation of your visit to this city, as a proof of their affectionate regard and of the remembrance of your labors while amongst them, and of the zealous care which you bestowed upon the Sunday School.

Your acceptance of it will be gratifying to the donors, who, in soliciting to be remembered in the holy sacrifice, assure you that you have their fondest prayers for your future happiness.

With our individual expression of respect and esteem, we remain truly

OWEN O'BRIEN,
THOS. WALSH.

To Rev. C. C. BRENNAN.

August 22*d*, 1847.

Gentlemen.—It is with pleasure I acknowledge the receipt of your esteemed favor of yesterday, and the very handsome and elegant stole which you were kind enough to present me in behalf of my friends at St. Vincent's. To yourselves, and the other donors, I return my sincere thanks, and be assured that I prize it highly, coming as it does, from those who have already given me many proofs of their kind remembrance and regard. In the letter, with which you were pleased to accompany it, you have made more acceptable your generous present, by the too flattering terms in which you have spoken of my brief services among you. I can only claim the merit of having endeavored, as far as my feeble efforts would go, to discharge my duty; and if I have succeeded in satisfying those for whom I labored, it is indeed, to me, a gratification.

I remain yours, truly, etc.

C. C. BRENNAN.

Church at Havre de Grace.—Messrs. Editors.—At the Fair for the benefit of the Catholic church at Havre de Grace, held on the 12th of July last, the sum of $636 89 was received: deducting expenses of house rent, &c. there remained clear $550 89. The foundation (or corner stone) was laid on the 1st of Sept. The church will be 60 by 36 feet, and will be built entire of Port Deposite granite. We hope our friends, and the friends of religion in the A. D. of Baltimore, will not forget us, as much remains to be done, in order that we may finish our humble edifice.

DIOCESS OF PHILADELPHIA.—The bishop of Philadelphia administered confirmation at St. Augustine's church, on Sunday, the 29th Aug., to about one hundred and seventy persons, among whom were several converts.—*Catholic Herald.*

Episcopal Visitation.—Confirmation was administered in the church of St. Vincent of Paul, Minersville, on the 14th ult., to eighty persons, to sixty-six in the church of St. John, Pottsville, and to thirty-seven in the church of St. Patrick. On the 7th, seventeen persons were confirmed at Tamaqua, in the church of St. Jerom. On the 8th, thirty-two were confirmed in the church of St. Joseph, Summit Hill. On the 9th, forty in the church of St. Mary, Beaver Meadows. On the 10th, sixty-five in the chapel of St. Nicholas, Wilkesbarre. On the 12th, two hundred persons received confirmation in the church of St. Rose, Carbondale. On the 14th, fifty-three in the church of St. John Baptist, Honesdale. On the 15th, fifty were confirmed in the church of St. Juliana, Beech Woods. On the 19th, four were confirmed in the house of John Boyle, Esq., New Milford.

DIOCESS OF NEW YORK.—*Confirmation.*—On Sunday last, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes confirmed one hundred and ninety-two persons at the church of the Most Holy Redeemer—of whom ninety-eight were males, and ninety-four females, and from twenty to thirty of them were converts to the holy faith.—*F. Journal.*

Ordination.—Mr. James O'Sullivan received the order of subdeacon in the cathedral on Saturday last; on Sunday that of deacon; and on Monday (feast of St. Rose, of Lima,) the holy order of the priesthood was conferred on him by the Rt. Rev. Bishop coadjutor.—*Ibid.*

DIOCESS OF ALBANY.—The Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, late coadjutor of the bishop of New York, was duly installed in his new diocess on the 19th of Sept. last, Bishop Hughes officiating on the occasion.—*Ibid.*

DIOCESS OF BOSTON.—*Ordination.*—We have been kindly permitted to make the following extract of a letter written by a reverend gentleman in Massachusetts to a friend in this city: "In Boston we had on last Saturday, 18th, a very interesting ceremony, the ordina-

tion of Mr. J. C. Shaw, son of R. G. Shaw, one of the most respectable and wealthy merchants of Boston, and Mr. O'Donnell. The church was crowded with all the Protestant friends of the family, and quite a number of Protestant ministers. The Rev. Mr. Ryder delivered a discourse on the occasion, characterised by his usual eloquence and ability, in which he proved conclusively, that apostolical mission existed and was visible at all times in the Catholic church, and that this has not been seen in any other church or denomination out of that church."

Diocess of New Orleans.—The *Propagateur* of the 21st August says that *five* priests had been attacked in New Orleans by the yellow fever, taken in the discharge of their duties. They were all, however, recovering.

Diocess of St. Louis.—*New Church.*—The corner stone of the new church of St. John the evangelist, on the corner of Chestnut and Sixteenth streets, was laid on Sunday, 29th August, by the Rev. Mr. Timon. Appropriate discourses were delivered, both in the English and German languages.—*News Letter.*

Very Rev. J. Timon.—The worthy and very reverend gentleman whose name appears above, has been appointed by the holy see bishop of the diocess of Buffalo, N. Y. There have been few clergymen of the Catholic church, better known or more beloved throughout the valley of the Mississippi than the Rev. Father Timon. The purity of his life—the zeal of his ministry—the fervent piety and ardent charity of his principles and practice, have long endeared him to the Catholics of this diocess, and it will not be without strong feelings of regret to them, that the assumption to the important station to which he has been called, will necessarily deprive them of the presence of one to whom they have been so long tenderly attached. But whilst they acknowledge the selfishness of this regret, they will not fail to rejoice that the virtues which adorn the character of Bishop Timon, will, in the elevated position he is about to assume, exert a wider and more extended influence in the holy cause to which he has so generously and zealously devoted his life.

We congratulate the Catholics of the new diocess of Buffalo. They will receive in Bishop Timon, a prelate uniting in his character all that can adorn the man, the Christian, and the clergyman; and, in the unostentatious and unobtrusive discharge of his sacred duties, combining qualities that cannot fail to win the hearts and command the esteem of persons of all classes and denominations.

We pray that God may bless his labors in the new and arduous duties to which he has been called.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Laying of Corner Stone.*—The corner stone of a new Catholic church was laid on last Friday in Wooster, Wayne county, Ohio, by Right Rev. Bishop Purcell, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Philip Foley, and Rev. Messrs. Luhr and Daly. The church, which is to be under roof this fall, is to be 65 by 38 feet.

Episcopal Visitation.—The new church of Massillon, a stone building, 78 by 40 feet, was dedicated on the 22d of August. Its title St. Mary's. The church of Fulton (on the Ohio canal) a handsome frame, 64 by 37, was dedicated to Almighty God in honor of the holy apostles SS. Philip and James on the 24th of the same month. These two churches are under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Foley. We are indebted to Judge Griswold of Canton, agent for the proprietor in New York, for the gift of the three lots in Fulton, on which the church is eligibly situated.

There were seventeen persons confirmed in the church of St. Francis Xavier, Chippewa, on the 25th of August; one was a convert.

St. Peter's church, Canton, was dedicated on the 29th of August. It is of brick, 98 by 45 feet, a cheap, solid and beautiful building. There were two converts confirmed.

The church of New Berlin, six miles north of Canton, and that of Harrisburg, about six miles east of Louisville, are under roof. There have been *nine* churches built in as many years within a radius of fourteen miles from Canton.

On the 1st of Sept. church was held in the house of Mr. James Moore in Youngstown, Mahonning county. Several persons received the holy communion, and the candidates for confirmation will attend at Akron next Sunday. We were gratified at the large increase of Catholics near Youngstown and the size and site, the best in the town, given us for a church by the Hon. David Tod, at present the minister of the United States near the emperor of Brazil.

Mr. James V. Conlan, a student of the diocesan seminary, received tonsure and minor orders in St. Vincent's church, Akron, on the 2d of September, subdeaconship on the 3d, the holy order of deacon on the 4th—and on Sunday, the 5th, he will be ordained priest.

Confirmation.—There were fifty-three persons confirmed in St. Vincent's church, Akron, Summit county, on the first Sunday of Sept., and forty the following morning, in St. Joseph's, (a new church not yet dedicated) in Randolph, Portage county, Ohio.

☞ The acts and decrees of the late Provincial Council have, with slight exceptions, been approved by the holy see. The bulls for the consecration of the Rt. Rev. Mr. Rappe for the new see of Cleveland have arrived. We very sincerely congratulate the clergy and congregations in the northern part of Ohio on this appointment. If zeal for the glory of God and an utter disregard of self, a blameless life and fervent piety, can qualify a man for the episcopacy, we know no one more likely to see his hopes realised than the bishop elect of Cleveland. This is his character amongst those who know him. The dividing line between the respective diocesses of Cincinnati and Cleveland will be 40° 40′.—*Catholic Telegraph.*

Diocess of Pittsburg.—The *Pittsburg Catholic* states that four hundred and eighty-five persons were confirmed in the cathedral of that diocess on the 22d ult., of whom several were converts.

At St. Vincent's, near Youngstown, seventy were confirmed on the 24th August. On the 25th Aug. a visitation was held at Blairsville, and forty-seven were confirmed. On the 26th August fifty were confirmed at Johnstown.

On the following day the bishop visited a small Catholic settlement in Jenner township, Somerset county, about eighteen miles from Johnstown. About one hundred Catholics are here; ten were confirmed in a private house. Measures are being taken for the erection of a small church in this settlement.—*Correspon. of Pittsburg Catholic.*

On the 28th Aug. twenty-five persons were confirmed at St John's church, Hurman's Bottom. On the 29th Aug. twenty-three were confirmed at Bedford. On the 5th Sept. five persons were confirmed at the new church of "Our Lady of Vallombrosa," in Shade Valley.

At Huntingdon, on the 6th Sept'r, sixteen souls were confirmed. On the 7th, at St. Luke's, sixteen were confirmed. On the 19th, at Hollidaysburg, forty were confirmed. At Newry, forty were confirmed on the following day.—*Ibid.*

Diocess of Vincennes.—Dr. De la Hailandiere, on the eve of vacating his episcopal see, has addressed a pastoral letter to his flock, full of paternal kindness, wisdom, and the most salutary advice. The following extracts are all we are able to submit at this time from this interesting paper:

"It is not sufficient that you have confidence in your bishop; it is also necessary that you suffer him to perceive that confidence, lest if you conceal it, the enemy of all good may insinuate himself between him and you, and persuading him that he does not possess it, cast him into despondency. Is not your bishop a man like yourselves, and like you has he not need of consolation? Ah! if you knew how much weighs upon the spirits and heart of a bishop! how much solicitude for the churches! If you knew how much bitterness each day pours into his soul, you would feel for him the liveliest commiseration. If you knew the motives of his actions—motives often different from those you imagine—which he is obliged to keep secret, you would not venture, I do not say to blame, but even to judge his conduct, for fear of being rash and unjust in your judgments."

He concludes his letter with the following truly touching and Catholic appeal:

"But in the moment of departure, can we forget, that in spite of our good intentions, we may have given displeasure to many; that, perhaps, there are some whom we have wronged? No, we do not forget: on the contrary, we ask pardon for it. Forgive us—forgive our frailty. Dispense mercy in our behalf, and do not aggravate by your refusal the great account we shall have to render. We pardon every one with our whole heart. From the bottom of our souls we offer pardon to all who may have any reason for self-reproach in our regard. In the silence of the retreat into which we shall enter, we will not remember wrongs—we would forget them in prayer. Are there any among you who believe themselves our debtors, let them pray for us—let them beseech a merciful God to pardon the numerous faults of our administration!—and, above all, let their prayers ascend when they shall learn that we have descended to the tomb.

"That we may all one day meet again, in the bosom of our heavenly Father to bless and love him for ever, is the last benediction fervently invoked upon you by your bishop.

"† Celestin, R. L.
"Bishop of Vincennes.

"*Vincennes, July* 16, 1847.

"By order of the bishop:
"E. Audran, secretary."

Diocess of Galveston.—*Mission of Nagodoches.*—We translate from the *Propagateur Catholique* the following details furnished that paper by one of the missionaries sent to Nagodoches by Bishop Odin.

"The village of Nagodoches is pleasantly situated upon an eminence; two streams, winding from east to west, unite below the village in a southern direction, refreshing and embellishing the town, and forming for it a sort of natural boundary. The air of Nagodoches is pure and healthy. This village, founded by the Spaniards, was formerly an important place and contained a spacious church which was served by the religious of Guadelupe. The population, which was entirely Catholic, was three times as great as at this day. But after the Mexican revolution, the greater part of the Mexicans, established at Nagodoches, either went back to the interior of their own country or passed into Louisiana. The clergy who were there, like the rest, abandoned the place, and the inhabitants who remained were without pastors. The church was in part demolished, as also the house of the religious, and nothing of either now remains but ruins. In the beginning of the year 1832, Rev. P. Diaz, a priest sent to this part of the country by the bishop of Monterey, endeavored to gather together the members of this desolated church. His efforts were not without fruit, for every day we see traces of his toils, though the good seed which he cast upon this soil have withered for want of attention. About the close of the year 1833, P. Diaz went to visit some Catholic families settled upon the Trinity river and never returned. The opinion is general that he was massacred, either by the savages, or the brigands who infested the country. I propose to visit the place of his supposed massacre and collect more exact information as to his fate.

"The mission of Nagodoches promises much fruit and consolation for the future, but much labor and patience will be necessary for that purpose. No church, no residence, no pecuniary means, contradictions of all kinds, will give you an idea of our present situation. Our Christians, poor and scattered, though ready to die for their faith, are, for the most part, in great ignorance of their religion. We count already eighty Catholic families, mostly Spaniards and Mexicans, while we are making daily new discoveries of Catholics. If our confidence were not placed in Him who feeds even the sparrow, we would be tempted sometimes to lose courage. The Rev. Mr. Chanrion suffered much from fever ever since we were here, he is now beginning to convalesce. I hope that before winter we may be able to build some sort of chapel and residence; I say hope, but perhaps my hopes are rash. L. C. M. C. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following testimony in favor of the Catholic religion, we find in a letter from New Orleans, published in one of the evening papers of the city. "By their fruits shall ye know them."

God spare the children! I am childless, but once I was a father and a husband, but now "I am in the world alone."

In truth, persons who have been here for years, and some who in other seasons had, undeniably, the fever, have been attacked over again. There seems to be scarcely an exemption. There is much attention and kindness paid to the sick. The heart of the *Southron* always beats warm, and its women are the very "ministering angels of mercy." Go see the Sisters of Charity in the public hospitals, and you will never again with patience listen to the anathemas of the Protestant revilers against the Catholic friends. Alas! there is a contrast in these times of pestilence between the two sects that is painful to look on. Here many Protestant ministers fly at the approach of disease;—then the Catholic clergyman meets it, and pours around the couch of sickness the oils of comfort and religion. I am a Protestant, but I am ashamed to compare the works of my own pastors with these good men—this holy sisterhood. No hour of the day, nor of the night, finds them seeking personal ease, when the angels of death are flopping their broad wings over a devoted city. No select friend—no religious creed—no favored circle monopolize their time—their attentions—their prayers. The whole universal chamber of sickness is the theatre of their labors. Many die in the midst of their good offices. Two of the Sisters of Charity fell in the same hospital this week. They were young and interesting women, and their real names are unheralded, as to joining the sisterhood some name is always assumed in the order, and the family one given up. They have done their good work and received their

crown in heaven. Let then truth do open justice to our Catholic friends. Adieu.

One of "Lang Sine." G———

Louisville Catholic Advocate.

MARIA MONK.—"It is said that this notorious woman is now an inmate of the penitentiary at Sing Sing, N. Y."

We direct attention to the above item, which is taken from one of the morning papers, not because Maria Monk is now able to effect more evil than any other very bad woman, but on account of her former accomplices in crime. We do not allude particularly to Dr. Brownlee, nor to those who were her amanuenses and prompters in the publication of her slanders; the one is dead, and the others are now, like Maria herself, infamous before God and man. But we allude to those sectarian papers all over the country, which hailed her vile confessions, and recommended her book to all their readers, as they do yet many others of the same character. Now, with the exception of a very few of those sectarian and pseudo-religious papers, the exposure of this infamous libel was never published. And what is the consequence? Even yet it is not difficult to find many, who consider themselves smart and very intelligent, because they always read the *papers*, having these confessions of Maria Monk, side by side, on the shelf with the Bible, and who will adduce them as a veritable history of the convents of Montreal, and of the Catholic church in every place. They have got these notions into their heads on account of the sectarian papers they read with so much faith, and it is impossible to disabuse them unless by means of the same papers. But this will not be done. These papers had rather propagate a slander and swear to it, if necessary, than intimate that they have borne false witness against their neighbor. Even the fact that their pet is in the penitentiary at Sing Sing, they will pass over in silence, lest "the great cause" should be injured.

Another lesson is also contained in this item. The slanderer is in prison, and the good nuns who were vilified, are doing the work of God by attending on the poor and sick. Some of them already are spent, and all of them are ready to sacrifice their lives, as they did, on entering the convent, every thing that the world esteems.—*Pittsburg Catholic.*

THE SPOLIATION OF CHURCHES.—In the *Louisville Journal* of a recent date we noticed an advertisement of an auction sale at the house of White and Welby of this city, of Mexican curiosities, said to be the property of an officer of the United States Army. In the list was the following curiosity, "1 right hand of the Saviour, two hundred years old, taken from an old church." How many more of these curiosities were *taken* from churches we were not informed, but we confess some curiosity to know how this "right hand" came to be *taken*, and also what it is, since we never before heard that the Saviour, in his ascension, had left his hand on earth. We would also be pleased to learn what right said officer had to *take* this right hand from the old church? We are much afraid that in too many instances the suggestion of the Washington Union has been reduced to practice, and that the churches in Mexico have suffered.—*Cath. Advocate.*

THE infidels of Switzerland have published an address in which they state that they do not wish to disturb the Catholic citizens in the practice of their religion, they only desire the expulsion of the Jesuits! After the Jesuits they would only wish to remove the secular clergy! My dear friends, said the wolves to the sheep, what use is there in keeping those shepherds with you so constantly? Why not dismiss them and let us live together in pure friendship. You do not suppose that we, who are all very innocent and affectionate wolves, would do the slightest injury to our dear sheep? Sweet friends, send away the shepherds!—*Catholic Telegraph.*

OBITUARY.

DIED at New Orleans on the 28th August last, of yellow fever, Sister MARY DELPHINA ZEIGLER, in the thirty-third year of her age. Sister Mary Delphina was born at Columbia, Pennsylvania, and had passed thirteen years of her life as a Sister of Charity; for the last two years she had been attached to the New Orleans hospital.—*Propagateur Catholique.*

DIED at St. Mary's Convent, Somerset, Ohio, on the 12th inst., Sister ANGELINA LYNCH, in the 25th year of her age.

DIED at Charlestown on the 11th ult., the Rev. Mr. GOODWIN, pastor of St. Mary's church. This Rev. gentleman fell a victim to that incurable disease, consumption, under which he had been laboring for some months. No one ever lived in this country more univer-

sally beloved, nor died more heartily regretted, than the subject of these remarks. He is taken from a congregation over which he had presided for about five years, and his departure will leave a vacuum not easily to be filled, certainly not in the hearts of those he endeared to him by the many excellencies that adorned his character. Mr. Goodwin was a convert to the Catholic faith in early life, and from the day of his conversion to that of his death, he proved himself an ornament to the religion of his choice. Soon after his conversion he repaired to the college of St. Sulpice, in Montreal, where he pursued his course of study with credit to himself and alma mater. During his residence in Montreal he conciliated the esteem of his classmates and professors, and by his suavity of manner, mildness of disposition, and goodness of heart, left an impression on that institution which cannot be obliterated. From Montreal he went to Paris, to complete his theological studies; and after having spent three years in the celebrated seminary of St. Sulpice, he returned to Boston, and immediately entered upon the discharge of his duties. Such men as Mr. Goodwin require no eulogy—their lives speak for them; suffice it to say, that no clergyman ever enjoyed the affection of his congregation, or the respect of all denominations more fully than this pious, talented clergyman, and the day is far off when the memory of the exalted virtues of Mr. Goodwin will be effaced from our memory, or the love we entertain for his character is removed from our hearts.—*Boston Vindicator.*

Died at her father's residence in Harford county, on the 7th of August, of consumption, Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Ignatius McAtee, in the 19th year of her age. R. I. P.

Died on the 22d of August, at her mother's residence in Harford county, of consumption, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Edward Bussy and Juliann Wheeler, in the 23d year of her age. R. I P.

FOREIGN.

Italy.—*Rome.*—Cardinal Feretti, the new secretary of state, arrived here last night. You are already aware of the enthusiastic reception which he met with. We think it right to record here a few circumstances of his former life. Cardinal Feretti was born at Ancona, of a patrician family, and is now about fifty years old; his stature is high, and his features are open and candid. During his sacerdotal career he devoted himself with a truly apostolic zeal to works of charity and the announcement of the Word of God. He was raised to the see of Rieti under Leo XII, when Pius IX was bishop of Spoleto, and both prelates afforded each other mutual assistance, preaching in all directions the word of God, without excepting the prisons or dungeons. Such were his occupations at the time of the insurrection of 1831. The rebels, three thousand strong, with four pieces of cannon, advanced against the town; but the bishop ordered the alarm bell to be rung, and upon perceiving the indifference of the people, declared that if the citizens refused to do their duty he would divest himself of his episcopal cross and die with arms in his hand rather than deliver up the town to the enemies of his sovereign and his pontiff. This energetic conduct revived the courage of the inhabitants, and heaven itself came to their help. A frightful storm burst forth; one of the cannons was struck with lightning, and the insurgents were completely dispersed. Some years afterwards Monsignor Feretti was sent to Naples as apostolic nuncio. In the year 1837 the cholera was raging in that capital, and in order to relieve the sufferers the nuncio converted his palace into a hospital, sold all he possessed, from his carriage to the last piece of plate, and passing through the streets with a cross in his hand he exhorted the people to penance and prayer, offering himself up as a victim of propitiation to the Almighty. The king of Naples demanded for him the cardinal's hat, which the pope had already destined for him. On his return to the papal states he was made archbishop of Fermo, and succeeded a prelate who for thirty years had been blind. You may judge how that affliction must have been prejudicial to the interests of the diocess. The cardinal, however, soon renewed the state of things; he increased the number of pious foundations, and the schools for the poor, and reformed the secular and regular clergy. When Pius IX ascended the chair of St. Peter Cardinal Feretti had been residing several years at Rome. He was prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences, and was thus appointed to preach the jubilee to the secular clergy of Rome. The pope afterwards named him to the legation of Urbino and Pesaro, where he endeared himself to the population. When he left Urbino his palace was surrounded

by an immense crowd, in tears. The cardinal himself, with tears in his eyes, embraced those who approached nearest to his carriage, without distinction of rich or poor. His charity is above all description. Such is the prince of the church whom Pius IX has just called to the helm of the state. Like the holy father himself, he is strong in his piety, his faith in God, and in the love of the people.—*Tablet.*

Ferrara.—After the issue of the protest a deputation of the citizens went to thank the legate, whose conduct was admirable during the late painful circumstances, and requested him to convey the sentiments of affection and respect of the population to his holiness. "The Ferrarese," said the foreman of the deputation, "would prefer seeing their town destroyed to its foundation rather than it should fall under the yoke of Austria."

Rome.—All is animation! The people of Rome, on their side, manifested with energy their patriotic feelings on hearing of the new outrage committed by Austria. Lists of subscriptions for the defence of the territory were covered with names. Cicceruacchi had circulated several among the people, and there is not at present a single Roman but is ready to respond to the appeal of his beloved sovereign, should it be necessary, to repel by force a foreign invasion. At a recent meeting of citizens Count Feretti, brother to the cardinal secretary of state, expressed himself with his usual frankness and firmness respecting the intentions of the government, which, he exclaimed amidst universal applause, was determined to support its rights by every possible means, and to the last extremity. The sovereign pontiff shows himself equal to the peril, and animated with a holy enthusiasm. At a council of cardinals, over which he presided, and where several important decisions were adopted, the pope is understood to have said, "Since the Austrians have unmasked themselves, my resolution is formed, and I am very tranquil." "Pius IX," says the *Italia*, in a supplement containing an abstract of that meeting, "left the council room quite radiant, and said to a high personage, who was waiting to give him an account of the situation of the capital, 'Take proper measures, tell the people to be quiet, and the enemies will depart disappointed.' The post of the civic guard was doubled in the quarter of the square of Venice, where the palace of the Austrian ambassador is situated. Austria too much relied on the seeds of discord she had sown in the Roman dominions. Her expectations have miserably failed. It is no longer possible for her to reckon on the co-operation of the retrograde and absolutist party, which has ceased to exist, being now only represented by a few wretches, confined in the castle of St. Angelo, and by some members of the administration who have fled from the Roman states. Austria is now in presence of a nation united, compact, enthusiastic beyond description, ready to rise like one man to defend its independence, and adoring its sovereign, in whom it places every confidence, and who relies on his people. That power must perceive that it is no easy undertaking to oppress such a nation. Times are greatly changed. Absolutism is no longer opposed by a handful of patriots and revolters, having to contend against their own government, a strong party, and foreign bayonets. The matter is serious, very serious, and the holy father was justified in proclaiming himself more easy in his mind than ever."

Later news from Rome is not only more decisive, but more important. It was reported in that capital that the secretary of state had forwarded a note to the cabinet of Vienna, in which he declared that, should the Austrians not evacuate the town of Ferrara within a fortnight, the pope would recall his nuncio from Vienna and send passports to Count Lutzow, the Austrian ambassador at Rome. The pope had instructed the governors of Ancona and Civita Vecchia to supply those fortresses with three months provisions. Count Bludoff, the Russian envoy, had taken leave of his holiness, and departed for St. Petersburg.

Bologna.—21st August:—"The papal government has resolved to resist the Austrian invasion, and to repel force by force. Troops are now marching towards the frontier. Two companies of Swiss and a few pieces of artillery have already left Bologna for Ferrara, and were accompanied to some distance out of town by the whole population, crying, "Viva Pio IX." Another body of Swiss was also advancing in the same direction through Romagna. The aversion of the people towards the Swiss has diminished since the latter demanded from the legate to be sent to fight the Austrians. The greatest enthusiasm prevails throughout the country, and the national guard is being organised every where with the utmost activity. The retrograde party, whose leaders are at Modena, is stren-

uously exerting itself to excite disturbances in Romagna. Emissaries traverse the province, offering arms and ammunition to the peasantry, and some incendiaries lately set on fire five farms of the Marquis Constabili, a well known partisan of Pius IX, in whose house are established the head-quarters of the national guard of Ferrara. The main body of the Austrians had retired into the fortress of Ferrara, leaving only a small number of soldiers in the town. A considerable Austrian force had arrived at Padua and in other towns situate on the left bank of the Po."

The English and French press make Rome their leading subject.

The *Chronicle* says we have received accounts from Rome of the 21st of August. The utmost enthusiasm and activity prevailed in that capital. The whole population was preparing to resist the aggressions of Austria. The government had given orders for the despatch of all the available troops at its disposal for the legations, and had established a camp of observation at Forli. Count Pietro Feretti, the brother of the cardinal secretary of state, had returned from his mission to Naples. It was said that several English ships of war were in view of Otranto, and were directing their course towards Ancona.

The *Union Monarchique* magnifies this, "it was said," into a great fact, thus:—"The British cabinet has sent orders to the Ionian Islands to prepare an expedition for Italy. Two regiments are to be immediately conveyed to Ancona. Lord Palmerston had apprised the cabinet of Vienna of his determination."

The following sentence has been uttered in a high quarter:—"It is now evident that Lord Palmerston is laboring for war. He is an evil genius, who will set Europe on fire."

"We wish the Italians to be convinced of one thing," says the *Siecle*—"namely, that Austria may postpone, but not abandon, the execution of her projects against them, because she is driven by fatality to take possession of their country, and that, being the ally of Russia, and not daring to extend her dominions on the side of the Black Sea, she is condemned by an inevitable necessity to be their enemy."

The *Semaphore de Marseilles* says:—"It is calculated that the number of volunteers who have offered to march against the invaders exceeds 10,000. The marquis of Azeglio was on the point of leaving for Romagna, with full powers from the pope to prepare the necessary means of defence. The enthusiasm was at its height in Rome, and some days ago Cardinal Feretti, seeing the national guard manœuvring in a field on the estate of Prince Piambino, exclaimed that he would willingly place himself at the head of those brave youths, and should not hesitate to command them on the field of battle. The spirit of patriotism and energy which animates the holy father and his councillors, has extended to the people of all ranks, and even to the clergy. A letter from Rome states that it was contemplated to form a battalion of clergymen and monks, and it is certain that a great number of the latter have of late practised the use of arms. The pope speaks with the utmost contempt of the insolent violators of treaties and the oppressors of Italy, and so many other nations groaning under her iron yoke. He rides through the city, mounted on a white mule, which he purchased at Florence, and exhibits to his loving and loyal subjects a countenance denoting the tranquillity of a good conscience, and the profound feeling of his rights and power. We have been assured that, M. Rossi having offered him the mediation of France, relative to the occupation of Ferrara, he replied that, considering himself seriously offended, he would not be satisfied with an ordinary arrangement, but should insist on obtaining a complete satisfaction. The pope is still the greatest and sublimest moral power of our time. It is impossible to say how far the effects of that power might extend, and if Pius IX, in his indignation against the tyrants of his country, took it into his head to make a trial of it, who could foresee the consequences of that holy revolt of the mind against brutal force? There is no doubt that in the crusade which may be preached at this moment of crisis, one half of Italy would follow with enthusiasm the labarum of Rome to free the other half."

The Ghetto has been thrown open, and a number of Israelites had already left that wretched abode. The government had decreed the penalty of confinement in the galleys for from ten to twenty years against whoever insulted an Israelite.

ENGLAND.—*Missions in Abyssinia and China.—The Father Lazarists and the Right Rev. Dr. Massara, V. A. of the Gallas—The Right Rev. Dr. Verrolles, Bishop of Columby, and V. A. of Mandchourie.*—The missions of Abyssinia, entered upon in the year 1838 by the Father

Lazarists, had produced no remarkable results until the year 1845; but the perseverance of the missionaries, aided by the grace of God, has at length surmounted all obstacles. The Right Rev. Dr. Massara, a Capuchin Monk, and V. A. of the Gallas, arrived to the aid of the Father Lazarists in 1846. He had the consolation of ordaining twenty-one native students educated by the Fathers, and of conferring on them the sacred order of the priesthood. The preaching of these indefatigable apostles has produced the most wonderful fruit: ten thousand Abyssinian Coptites have just embraced the faith of Christ, and every day new crowds present themselves to be partakers of their happiness. A Cophtic monk, superior of ten schismatical convents, has sought to be admitted, with all his monks, into the true fold of Christ's church. Every thing gives reason to believe that in a short time the whole of Abyssinia will embrace Catholicism.

The Right Rev. Dr. Verolles, bishop of Columby, and vicar-apostolic of Mandchourie, (who has just terminated a mission he received from the holy see to excite the zeal of the faithful in France in favor of the society for the propagation of the faith), preached a farewell sermon at Marseilles on the 13th ult. in the church of St. Martin. It would be difficult to describe the emotion which the mild and pathetic words of the venerable missionary excited in the breasts of his numerous auditory.

His lordship showed the admirable effects of the society, and of the benefits which he saw arising from it in the distant countries which were the scenes of his labors. He compared the means and results of the Bible Society with the Catholic missions, and showed that Catholicity alone could civilize the Chinese. The Protestants collected upwards of two millions a year, and some years ago an Anglican minister assured the bishop that he had not been able in the space of thirty years to make a single convert among the Chinese. It was well known that the greater part of the Protestant missionaries, well provided and well pensioned for their "missionary trips," content their "apostolic zeal" with throwing some score of Bibles upon the shores which they visit. The Chinese eagerly possess themselves of these Bibles. But did they know the reason? *To make the soles of their shoes with them!* Admirable effect of the zeal of reformed missionaries! The Catholic priest, however, with much smaller means, arrives at far different results. In Mandchourie alone sixty thousand dying children were baptized in one year; chapels and oratories erected in every place where a moment's repose from persecution is obtained; the Chinese civilized, and snatched from their hereditary apathy; numberless children brought up in the schools, and borne away from the cruel superstitions of idolatry. Such is the picture presented by the efforts of a few years, and that effected by the proceeds of collections which numerous divisions break up into so many small fractions, and which have not yet attained the total of £200,000.

Commerce, without religion, (continued the Right Rev. Prelate), will never be able to civilize the Chinese, and to effect, in consequence, the fusion of peoples. Europeans traverse the country of China and the Pagan natives never so much as throw a look upon them; while the converted natives receive with joy these Christian Europeans, whom they look upon as brothers, and give them a most hearty welcome. So true is this, that a French ambassador, (M. Delagréné), witness of this striking contrast, declared that religion alone could unite peoples. The general emotion reached the highest pitch of excitement, when the worthy missionary bishop thus concluded:—"I am about to leave you, to quit this France, that I so much love, to return to the land of my exile. I shall find no friends there: they have all shed their blood for the faith. One of them, a few years ago, went to martyrdom singing a canticle of triumph. The executioner having deprived him of life, tore open his bowels, and drew forth his heart to eat it! It was my most loved friend! Martyrdom! Such is the term of our labors! and yet, believe me, we are the happiest of men."—*Tablet.*

The English papers announce the death of two of the vicars apostolic in England—Bishop Griffiths, of the London district, and Bishop Mostyn, of the Northern.

Conversions.—To the Editor of the Tablet: Dear Sir—I have much pleasure in informing you of the reception of Miss Emily Anna Wright into the bosom of the holy Catholic church this morning. Thank God for this blessing.—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

Laicus.

St. Servan, feast St. Laurentii,
D. F. M., 1847.

The Rev. J. Bell, a minister of the Presbyterian church, and of the late Rev. Mr. Irving's views, has been received into the church.

Mr. and Miss Richards, of Southampton, have also been received.

On Thursday last, at Spanish chapel, Mr. and Mrs. Burns, of Portman street, and their family, along with Miss Christian and Miss Mary Banks, were received into the Catholic church by the Rev. William Hunt.

Rev. Francis New, M. A., St. John's college, Oxford, a second curate to the Rev. Mr. Dodsworth.

Nicholas Darnell, Esq., M. A., fellow of New college, Oxford.

The Pervert Priest Converted.—The Rev. Nicholas Beatty, once a Catholic priest, of whose perversion the Asylum, Exeter Hall, and the Reformation Society were so proud, has, in a most humble and penitent letter to the bishop of Ardagh, implored pardon for the scandal he has caused, and humbly entreats re-admission into the church of God. He says:—"I declare to your lordship, in the presence of God—and I desire my words to be proclaimed throughout the church of Ireland—that in renouncing the holy Roman Catholic faith, as I lately did, I acted against the dictates of my conscience; and I was instigated only by the evil passions of my heart—by anger, and a want of submission to the lawful authority of my superiors."—*Tablet.*

France.—*Another Perverted Priest Converted.*—The correspondent of the *Presbyterian* thus introduces a letter from M. Maurette, in which he sets forth his reasons for his return to Catholicity.—*Catholic Herald.*

It is difficult to explain the real cause of this deplorable act. It is presumable that they are indicated only in part, in a letter which M. Maurette himself addressed, on this subject, to the editor of a Roman Catholic journal, and which your readers will peruse with melancholy interest.

"Foix, *April* 15, 1847.—Sir:—When, in 1844, I laid aside the functions of a priest in the Roman Catholic church, in consequence of reading some pamphlets which emanated from Protestant pens, I believed that the Protestants were children of God, his elect, the holy nation, the friends and brethren of the Lord Jesus Christ, forming as a whole, (like the primitive Christians) but one heart and one soul. But having since seen and heard [for myself] I have had a thousand times occasion to assure myself how completely I had been under an illusion. In Switzerland, as in France, I found nothing but division among them, and I am certain that it is the same in Germany and England. Moreover, every one selects *(prend)* according to his good pleasure, the denomination which is agreeable to him, such as these: Darbyites, Pietists, Baptists, Mennonites, Wesleyans, Methodists, Puseyites, Rationalists, Separatists, Millennarians, Quakers, &c. &c. Considering this state of things, I should render myself culpable before God and men, if I persisted any longer in pushing forward the cause of Protestantism *(la propagande protestante)* in these regions; not doubting for a moment, that if I decided on doing so, there would be formed, as every where else, at a time more or less distant, as many sects as there are dozens of Protestants. A friend of union, peace and virtue, I have come down openly from the breach, urging peaceable Protestants, who sigh at the sight of these discords, to lay at the feet of Jesus Christ crucified, all the prejudices which hinder them from returning to the bosom of the Roman Catholic church, out of which I see neither union, love, nor charity.

I come down from the breach, but I should come down but half way, if I did not take my writings, published in 1844, '45 and '46, in order to condemn and retract, as I do condemn and retract, all the propositions in them, from beginning to end, which are contrary to the decisions of the Catholic, Apostolic, Roman, church, to which I submit most willingly.

In conclusion, I feel bound to testify my gratitude to the venerable members of the committee of the Evangelical Society of France, who, by their letter of the 24th of December last, offer me their assistance towards opening for me, as a missionary, the doors of the British possessions in America. The motives expressed above will answer that call, and should lead them to reckon on me no longer.

I beg you, Mr. Editor, to be so good as to insert this letter in the next number of your journal, and accept, &c. Maurette."

Lower Canada.—Rev. Mr. Villeneuve, president of Montreal college, has been staying a few days in our city. He informs us that all the priests of the seminary are now well. Rev. Mr. de Charbonel, by the advice of his medical attendant, has gone to Europe to seek the complete restoration of his health. The Rev. Jesuit fathers of New York have been really a God-send to Montreal. They assumed all the labors of the resident clergy who were exhausted, and their names are in benediction among the people of Montreal. Rev. Father Driscoll has caught the infection, and at the last accounts was considered dangerously ill. He could not die in a cause more worthy of a Catholic and a Jesuit.—*Catholic Observer.*

To Correspondents.—The following articles have been received: 1. *Protestantism in Polynesia.* 2. Blessed *Boniface of Savoy*, by Rev. J. W. Cummings, D. D. 3. *St. Vincent of Paul*, by Rev. Dr. Pise; and two letters from Rev. C. Hœcken, missionary in the Indian territory. The Rev. authors will please to accept our thanks for their valuable contributions.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Education of a Daughter, by Archbishop Fenelon. Translated from the French, &c. Baltimore: John Murphy; 18mo. pp. 248.

This is a very neatly executed volume, and one of the best specimens of typography that we have witnessed from Mr. Murphy's press. The type is clear and beautiful and the paper of excellent quality, while the work is set off with a handsome title-page and ornamental chapter heads. The admirable lessons, however, contained in this well known production of the immortal Fenelon, justly deserve to be placed before the public in the richest attire that mechanical art is capable of imparting. Nothing can be of greater importance to parents than to learn the difficult art of successfully training the youthful mind, and of giving to the female children under their charge that physical and moral education which will fit them to be useful members of society, and to fulfil the great end for which they are placed in this world. The vast majority of parents are but too lamentably ignorant of their duties in this respect, and the consequences of it are but too keenly felt even by themselves, though at a period when it is too late to repair the effects of their culpable inattention. The work before us is a manual of excellent instructions on this all-important subject, and every family should be provided with a copy of it.

The Funeral Oration of Daniel O'Connell, by the Padre Ventura. The Sermon of the Rev. Dr. Miley on Daniel O'Connell. Boston Pilot Press, 8vo.

The Pilot Press has rendered a service to the public in issuing these eloquent and instructive discourses in pamphlet form. The first was delivered in Rome, and the other in Dublin, and both exhibit evidences of high oratorical powers in their authors. We should be pleased, did our space permit, to lay several extracts before our readers; but we must confine ourselves to the following peroration of Father Ventura. After stating the last and noble directions of O'Connell, "my body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to heaven," he proceeds:

"O admirable disposition! O precious gift! Can we imagine any thing more sublime, and at the same time more pious than such a testament! Ireland, it is his country; Rome, it is the church; heaven, it is God. God, then the church, his country—that is to say, the glory of God, the liberty of the church, and the happiness of his country. Behold the great ends and objects of all his actions; behold the noble objects, the only objects of his love! He loved his country, therefore he bequeathed to it his body; but he loved the church still more, and therefore he leaves his heart to her; but he loved God even more than the church, and for that reason to God he gives his soul. He loved God for himself—the church in relation to God, because she is divine—his country in relation to the church, because she is Catholic. Behold the order of his love—the foundation of his being—the character of his soul—the economy of all his conduct—the history of his life. O'Connell faithfully depicted by O'Connell himself! Behold the testament of the truly great man, of the true philosopher, of the true citizen, of the true Christian! Happy the man who, in dying, can thus dispose of himself, with as much reason, as much confidence, as much truth!

But observe again, that country is liberty, the church is religion, God is the hand that unites together country, the church, religion and liberty. Then Daniel O'Connell, in bequeathing his body to his country, his heart to the church, his soul to God, has demonstrated that in that great genius the love of country and of liberty were united to the love of religion, but through God, in God, and with God.

Let us profit, then, by this great lesson, given in such a magnanimous example, by so great a man, who has deserved so well of the church, of his country, and of humanity. And since O'Connell, a Christian citizen, has given liberty to his country, by the aid of religion, and since he has secured the triumph of religion, by the means of liberty, let us no more separate that which is united by God and in God—true liberty and true religion.

Besides, such is at present the state of the opinions and of the sentiments of the people in Europe, that liberty can effect nothing without religion, no more than religion can effect any thing without liberty, and that the enemies of religion are the real enemies of liberty, as the enemies of liberty are the real enemies of religion. Whoever speaks of religion without liberty speaks of a human institution; whoever speaks of liberty without religion, utters an infernal sentiment. Religion without liberty loses its dignity—liberty without religion loses all its charms—religion without liberty falls into contempt—liberty, without religion, becomes anarchy. Liberty takes away from religion whatever might be humiliating to the conscience; religion takes from liberty whatever there is savage about it. Liberty renders religion more beautiful, as beauty makes virtue be more prized, religion preserves liberty as salt hinders corruption.

But yes, dear Romans, you have these ideas and these sentiments in the thoughts of your hearts. The day before yesterday you heard me combat all the errors and proclaim all the

truths of social science. You heard me plead the cause of order and condemn sedition—speak in favor of the throne a language the less suspected because it was the more free and the farther removed from adulation—praise liberty, but that liberty which has religion for its foundation and support. You have applauded me as much as your respect for this sacred place would permit. You are thus confessed in public; you have demonstrated in the clearest and most solemn manner that you are not such as a calumniating voice would make you appear. No, you are not the enemies of the pontifical throne, of the ecclesiastics, and of order; you love true liberty, but you also love the sovereignty of the head of the church and of religion. Yes, as the great pontiff who governs us is incapable of trifling with you, you are incapable of forgetting the loyalty that you owe him. Duplicity and revolt are things too vile to be found in noble and generous hearts, such as those of Pius IX and the Roman people.

It only, then, remains for me to exhort you to remain in your present disposition, and to say to you—let us show ourselves the faithful disciples of the true religion, in loving true liberty, and let us prove ourselves worthy of liberty by the sincere practice of true religion. Let us make liberty the auxiliary of religion, and take religion as the guardian of liberty. Let us leave a servile religion to obscurantisme, and an unbelieving religion to anarchy. Let us be Christian citizens, and citizen Christians; let us unite with love of the people love of the church, and love of liberty with love of religion; and thus, walking in the safe path of the great Christian and the great citizen, for whose soul we pray to-day, and whose memory we honor, we will be partakers of the eternal reward which he will enjoy in heaven; we will on earth have the glory of deserving well of our country and of religion, and it will be said of us also—"Liberavit gentem suam a perditione; et in diebus suis corroboravit templum." Amen.

Tales on the Sacraments, by the authoress of Geraldine. Philadelphia: published by Wm. J. Cunningham, No. 104, S. Third street; Baltimore: John Murphy. pp. 84. 1847.

"The Sister Penitents," and the "Altar at Woodbank," which constitute No. 2 of the American edition of Tales Explanatory of the Sacraments, are in our opinion beautiful stories, written with taste and judgment, and calculated to do much good wherever they are read. To Protestants they present our religion in a beautiful light, while sluggish Catholics will certainly be warmed up, by reading them, to a higher sense of their religious duties, and a more ardent desire to practise and frequent them.

Oregon Missions, *and Travels over the Rocky Mountains in* 1845-6, *by Father P. J. De Smet, S. J.* New York: published by Edward Dunigan, 151, Fulton street. 1847. pp. 412. Baltimore: John Murphy.

The Catholic public will hail with pride and pleasure this interesting contribution to its literature, embracing in its pages so many proofs of the zeal of its missionaries in the far west, so many facts to show their disinterested piety, and the toil and perils which they courageously and cheerfully encounter for the enlightenment and salvation of souls. To the sincere Christian, the most consoling part of this work is the evidence it furnishes of the success of the true faith among the savages of the western wilds, the eagerness with which it is embraced, and the primitive purity with which it is practised. But while the spiritual welfare of the red man of the west is the all-important object for which these pious missionaries labor, they do not forget to toil for their social improvement, and teach them the arts of civilization by which their habits will be softened, and their earthly comforts vastly bettered. If these children of the forest could be kept in the isolated seclusion in which they now are, the day would not be far off when we might expect to see the good Jesuits of Oregon transplanting to the Rocky Mountains the much lauded government of Paraguay. The religious and social condition of the savages of Oregon is not all that is to be learned from this interesting work. The manners and customs of the Indians, their traditions, legends and superstitions, in the language of the accomplished author of the preface to the book, "are described with a freshness of coloring, and an exactness of detail, that will render them invaluable, not only to our own times, but especially to posterity." Speaking of the author's ability for his task, the preface adds, "He travels through those vast and unexplored deserts, not merely as a missionary, filled with the zeal which characterised the apostles of the primitive society to which he belongs, but with the eye of a poet, and an imagination glowing with a bright yet calm enthusiasm. Hence the exquisite description of scenery, of incidents, of events; descriptions which breathe the spirit of a mind imbued with the loftiest conceptions of nature, and chastened with the sacred influences of faith." The publisher has done his part towards making the perusal of this work agreeable, by giving us a fine edition set in bold type and excellent paper.

Composed expressly for the U. S. Catholic Magazine.

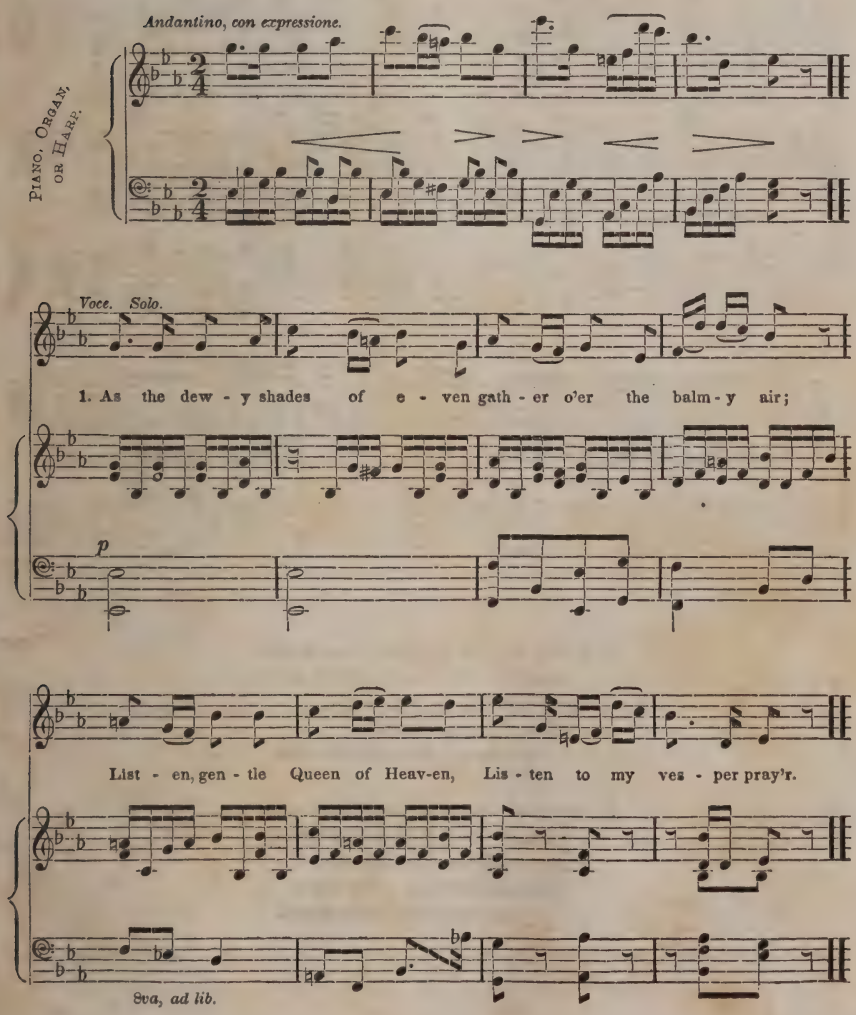
HYMN

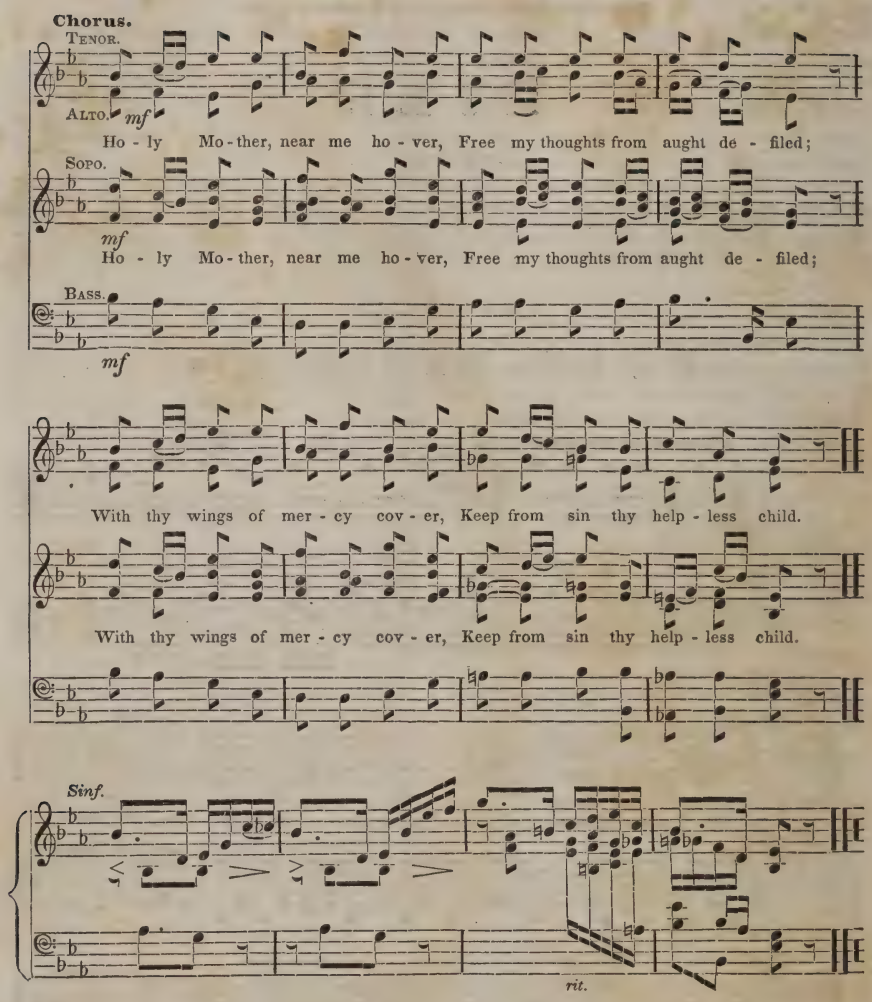
TO THE

BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

MUSIC BY

PROF. KIELMAN.





2. Thine own sinless heart was broken,
Sorrow's sword had pierced its core;
Holy Mother! by that token,
Now thy pity I implore.
(*Chorus.*) Holy Mother, &c.

3. Queen of Heaven! guard and guide me,
Save my soul from dark despair,
In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me, Mother, to thy care.
(*Chorus.*) Holy Mother, &c.

The Crucifixion

John Murphy, Baltimore.

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